

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 4, 1959

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 4, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 39

Our cover

• A city coat of brown-and-white tweed, laden with a long-haired fur, from the collection of Paris designer Coco Chanel, introduces our special eight-page Autumn Fashion Report in this issue. The mannequin's coiffure, a gay young style with a fringe, was chosen by Chanel for all the girls who showed her collection.

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The Weekly Round

• American cartoonist Jack Mendelsohn, creator of our new comic strip, "Jackys Diary," which begins in this issue, began to draw before he was six.

JACK says: "I can remember my mother scolding me when I was six for spilling black ink on her Persian rug."

Mendelsohn, who is 32, was born in Brooklyn. He and his wife, Gloria, live in a terrace flat on the outskirts of Mexico City.

He thought for more than a year about the possibility of drawing a comic strip that even a child could do before he started sketching.

After five weeks of intensive work, "Jackys Diary" was created.

Mendelsohn is very serious about the business of being funny.

"The adults in the strip are funny, not the children," he says. "Jackys Diary" is a child's view of the world, and children take everything seriously. This gives the strip its humor.

"Take Jackys visit to a circus, where he sees a strongman. Adults see a muscular individual testing his strength."

"Jacky says: 'I saw a man who could make his face turn red by breathing against a chain tied round his chest. The chain finally busted and he couldn't do the trick any more.'"

* * *
MANY of the "lonely men" of Wayatinah, the centre of a hydro-electric works in Tasmania's tall-timber country

(story, this issue), look forward to being sick so that they can be treated by two nurses who staff the first-aid station.

The nurses are Sister L. M. Brown, of Sydney, and Tasmanian Sister M. A. Hayes.

Sister Brown said: "The boys are extremely polite. When we have to visit a sick man in the camp all his friends wait for us outside his hut. As soon as they see us they rush to take our bags, open the door, and just can't do enough."

Sister Hayes said: "Some of the Greeks call me 'Mummy.' I think they really mean Sister, but they just get the names mixed up. The Germans call me 'The Old Dragon.' It's an affectionate name, I suppose."

Knitting Issue

• Eleven easy-to-follow knitting patterns are featured in a special big seven-page autumn knitting section in our next issue. The designs follow the long, loose line of high fashion and cater for casual, dress-up, and sportswear occasions.



the gentle
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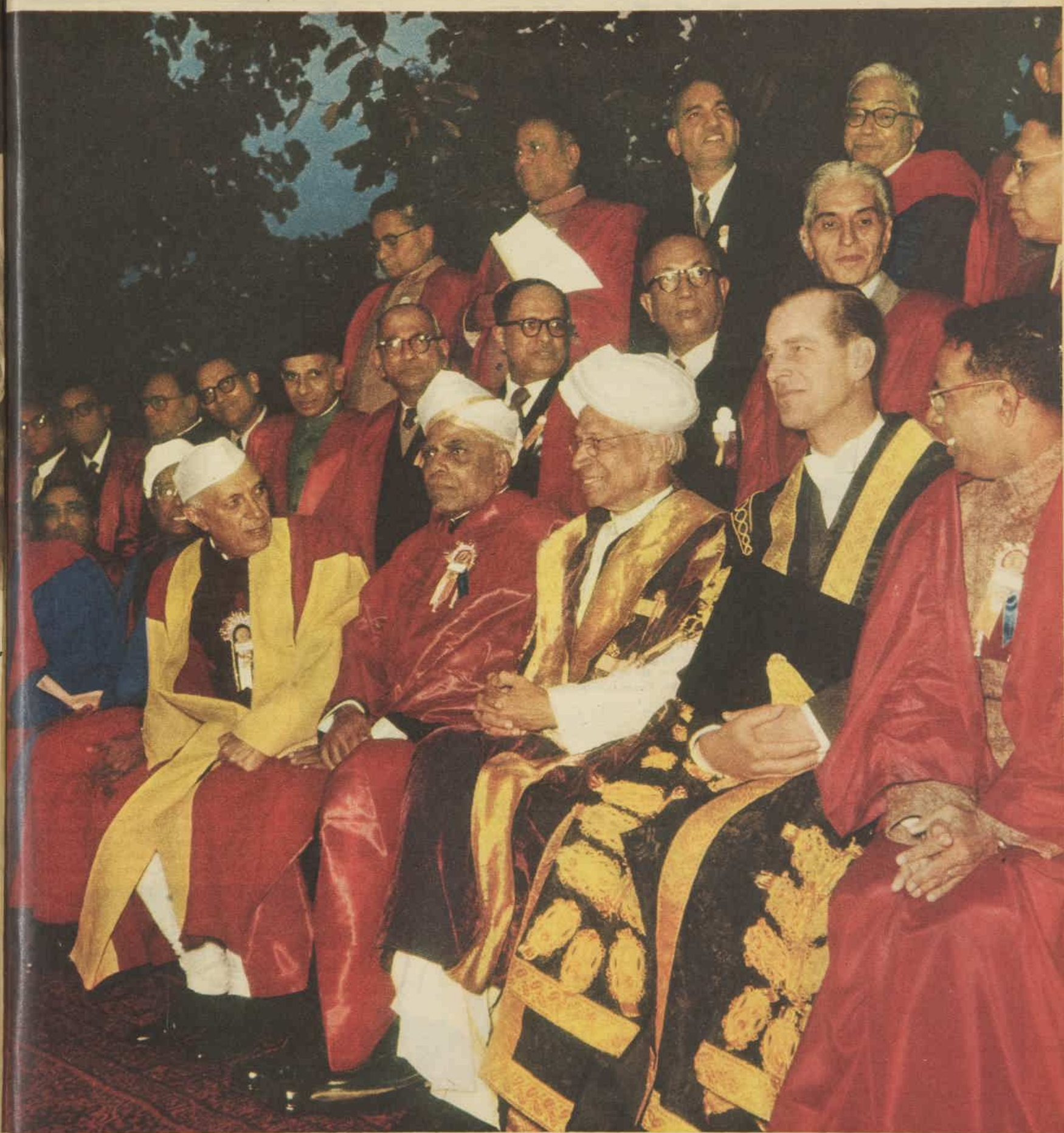


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THE "PRINCE OF POPULARITY" IN INDIA



WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Indian Science Congress at Delhi University recently he wore the black and gold robes of Chancellor of Edinburgh University. The Duke—shown here with the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru (left), Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, and the Indian Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan—received an honorary degree of Doctor of Science at the University. The Congress was one of the main reasons for the Duke's 36,000-mile tour of the Pacific and the Far

East, where he was popularly acclaimed by enthusiastic crowds shouting "Long Live the Duke." The great success of the Indian section of the visit may later lead to a tour by the Queen. Before his return to London on April 30, the Duke will visit some of the Pacific islands, Nassau, and Bermuda. Six weeks later, on June 18, the Queen and the Duke will sail for Canada in the Royal yacht Britannia to attend the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. They are also expected to visit Ghana this year.

Newest pool for National Champs

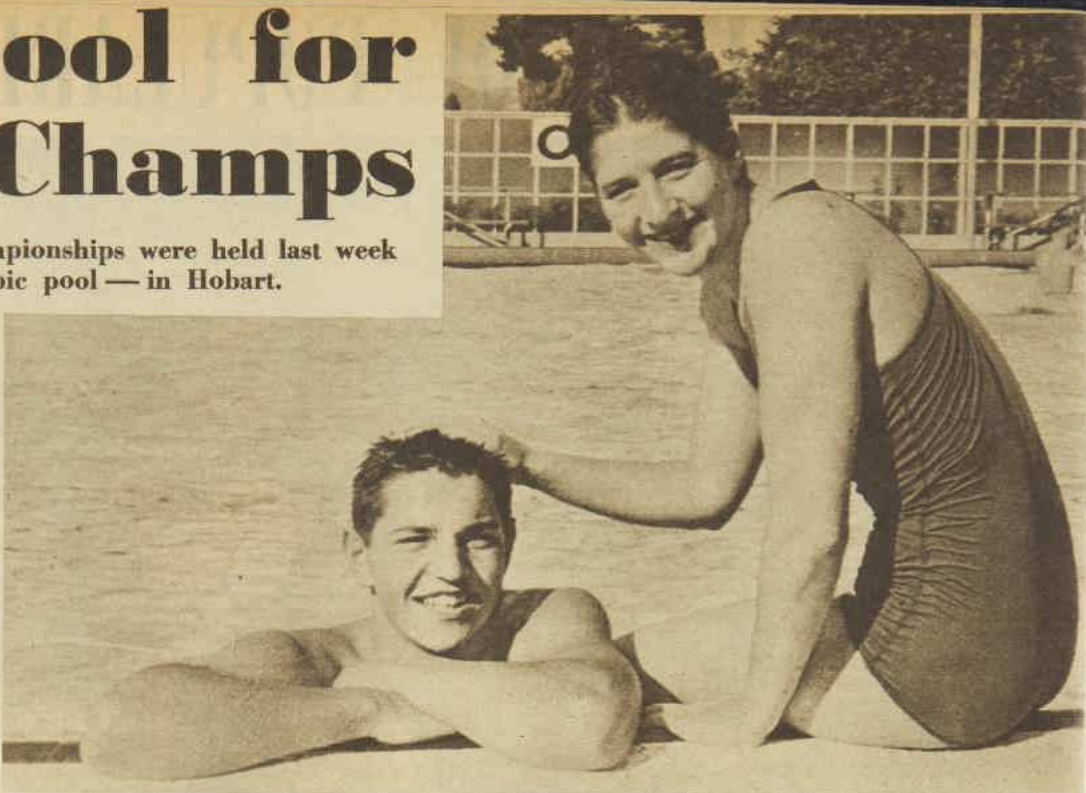
● Australia's National Swimming Championships were held last week in the country's newest Olympic pool — in Hobart.

THE pool, opened in November at the cost of £120,000, was gay with fluttering pennants, special lighting, and music—and the autograph-hunters filled their books with the names which have placed Australia on top of the swimming world.



DAWN FRASER (above), now a 21-year-old veteran, gives 16-year-old John Konrads an encouraging pat on the head before a race. Despite the hepatitis she has suffered since November, Dawn won the 110-yards freestyle. While resting during her illness Dawn made herself several dresses and played golf. "While I'm on top I will not retire," she says. "I love America and hope to get a scholarship to a Texas university. Texas is wonderful."

FIRST WORLD RECORD set in the Hobart pool was made by Ilsa Konrads when she swam half a mile freestyle in 10 minutes 11.4 seconds. Smiling after the race she told her brother John that she was not flat-out to beat her own earlier record by four-tenths of a second. At 14 Ilsa is a human robot in the water, but out of it is shy, charming.



VISITORS from California—Chris von Saltza, 15 (left), and Sylvia Ruuska. Both world-record holders, they attend a San Francisco high school. They said their only interest in life at present was swimming, but they went on dates occasionally.



VICTORIAN swimmers (from left) Alva Colquhoun, 16, freestyle; Alwyn Mitchell, 16, breaststroke; Marylin Wilson, 15, backstroke; Lynette Sampson, 14, breaststroke; Christine Noble, 14, butterfly. Alva was fourth in the 100yds. freestyle.

BUTTERFLY champion Beverley Bainbridge (right), who lost her Australian title to 15-year-old Jan Andreic, of Sydney. Sylvia Ruuska won the race by three yards, but, as a visitor, is not eligible to hold the title. Beverley is still Empire champion.



The town of lonely men

LONELY MEN of Wayatinah, a small township in the tall-timber country of Tasmania. In the town there are only a handful of unmarried women—and hundreds of single men. In the evenings, groups stand round swapping yarns. Pictured in the foreground are three Yugoslavs, from left, Pesiet Nick, Kostic Memed, and Halosar Martin.

● Wayatinah, in Tasmania's tall-timber country, is a township of lonely men. There are 900 single men employed in the hydro-electric works in the district; there are only some 20 unmarried women. Most of the men are migrants. Many have not had a date since they left their homelands years ago.

... where girls are only a dream

IN the daytime hard work makes the men forget their loneliness. But the evening brings sadness and longing.

The Italians hang about the local espresso cafe or stroll up and down the dusty roads.

The Slavs sit outside their huts reading books or playing with their pet dogs and cats.

The Germans gather in the German-owned cafe for a quiet meal or to listen to the husky voice of a female crooner in the juke-box.

And the Hungarians, some of whom were killing Communists in the streets of Budapest only two years ago, talk about their girls at home. The girls they will never see again.

There is occasional laughter and song, but they are superficial. Under the starry Tasmanian sky 900 men feel lonesome and blue.

Wayatinah is by no means an outback dump without any recreations. There are picture shows, a tennis court, a Soccer field, swimming-pool, an occasional play, a weekly dance.

Cost of board and lodgings in the camp is £6/18/- a fortnight. Food is plentiful and good.

The men are not compelled to stay there. They can leave whenever they fancy. But for most of them Wayatinah holds the only chance to make

money. Many, unable to speak English, cannot easily get other jobs.

Wayatinah is five years old and one of the hydro-electric developments of the State's Hydro-Electric Commission in Central Tasmania.

At present a four-mile tunnel and the second power station are under construction. Once finished the 900 single men and their quarters will be moved elsewhere. Then only the married men, some 250, and their families will remain in Wayatinah.

By
HARRY FRAUCA

Wayatinah is the Tasmanian aboriginal name for The Brook. Huge gum-trees stand around the sprawling locality.

There are the single men's quarters with huts, canteen, mess-room, laundry, and wash-room, a shopping centre, recreation grounds, a picture theatre, and the married men's trim weatherboard houses with charming flower-gardens. And two churches and one pub.

Wayatinah bore a slumbering air when I arrived there one noon. The single men's quarters were deserted but for an occasional cat or dog.

The camp postman, Salonica-born Basile Syntirvanis, handed a letter to an

Italian and in fluent English told me: "You make good money here and you save the lot, for there's nowhere to spend it. But for us young blokes the biggest problem is women."

In big demand

"There are about 20 unmarried girls. Some of them are going steady, the rest are dated weeks in advance. There are about 250 married women, but you can't date them."

"So all you can do is dream and write to girls at home."

The camp cook, Australian G. Scrivens, was chopping carrots on a kitchen counter.

He said: "The way those blokes eat is just incredible. We use about 70 tons of food a month. This includes about two and a half tons of meat, 56lb. of coffee, and 80lb. of tea each week."

The barber, Otto Brunsing, a jovial Berliner, said, "I'd like to marry but there is a shortage of women here."

"I am what you call no chicken and the women of my age are too old."

"They should bring women here. Import girls from all over the world to come to Wayatinah. In this way the men would settle down here."

"Now, after they've saved money they go away to look for wives."

"But I'm not complaining. You can't get everything per-

fect in life. Here there is plenty of money and no women. In Berlin there were plenty of women and no money. So?"

A huge wrestler-built Berliner, Frank Franke, owns one of the local cafes.

He explained: "It's a big change from Berlin to the bush, but I like it here. I am getting naturalised this year."

He had just returned from a quick trip to Germany.

"I was there for a few months. I didn't like it. There is too much rush. Few people can even get a weekend off."

He smiled as he said he'd show me something he had brought from Germany. He went away and reappeared with a stunning blonde.

"Meet my wife. She is from Berlin. I married her there. I have no reason for feeling lonely here now."

I quite agreed with him.

I wandered into a hut which I noticed was occupied. Inside I found Lothar Kleintert, from Germany, busy writing a letter home to his fiancée.

"I go back to Germany in 15 days. Here I make plenty of money, but I am lonely. In Germany I will marry and come back with my wife."

And as an afterthought he added: "But the Australian Government does not think. It

should bring women here so we don't have to go all the way to Germany and back to get married. After all, we only spend Australian money."

When the Italians, Greeks, and Germans feel too lonesome they can always go home and get married, but what about the men who have no home?

What about the Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, and Balts? They are the loneliest men in Wayatinah.

Quiet and retiring, they sit outside their huts with a book or playing with their pets. Most of them are well past their youth. Men of more than 50, they grew up in troubled times, went through five years of war and bloodshed, and lost their homes and countries.

Life is tough

One such man is the camp orderly, a huge Pole with kind blue eyes. His name is Bill Nowaskoski. You can see him wandering about the huts with six dogs trailing behind him.

"Life in Wayatinah is tough on the young blokes but not on me," he said. "I am content here. I spent seven years in General Anders' army and fought all over the place."

"After the war I was an old man in experience. I had no home to go to. So I came to Australia and have lived in camps like this since. I am

used to being without women."

Two young Hungarians, Vendel Szoke and Otto Szentgyorgyi, were yarning outside a hut. Otto was fighting Communists in the Budapest streets two years ago.

In fluent English he told me: "I escaped to Austria through the mountains, then I came to Australia. As I couldn't speak English I couldn't find a job in the towns, so I came here."

He is a toolmaker and clears about £36 a fortnight.

That evening I met an oldish Latvian washing his clothes in the laundry shed. He would not give me his name.

"Wayatinah is all right. I am not lonely," he said, and added a bit desperately: "Life is the same everywhere. Work, eat, and sleep. That's life."

Not knowing what to do with themselves over the weekends, many men work overtime. Others make an occasional trip to Hobart, and wander from cafe to theatre watching girls they'd like to meet if they could speak English.

Living in an all-male community over the years, some Wayatinah men told me they had forgotten the art of talking to women. They regard women with the respect and deference characteristic of the pioneers. They regard women as something beautiful, exciting—and inaccessible.



Good things come in glass

There's a tempting promise about all food that is packed in glass. A promise that you experience long before you open the glass container . . . long before you actually taste the contents. Gleaming glass keeps the fresh, natural flavour of the food it contains . . .

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AUSTRALIAN CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES

Geneva on the Gold Coast

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● Turbaned Pakistanis, Malays, and Indonesians in sarong, baju, and fez — and even an Englishman or two with black Homburg and furled umbrella—will invade Queensland's matador-clad Gold Coast for ten days this month.

THE visitors will be part of the United Nations ECAFE Conference, the largest international gathering ever staged in Australia.

The conference, to be held at Lennons Broadbeach Hotel from March 9 to 19, will be attended by more than 250 delegates—plus their secretarial entourages — from some 40 countries.

The only clothing "musts" set down for overseas delegates are a black tie for formal wear, a swimsuit, and a light raincoat or umbrella.

But the book of words sent out by the Commonwealth Department of External Affairs says that even the black tie may be ignored by people who prefer to wear their national costume.

ECAFE — pronounced Ek-ker-fay — stands for Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, and is a branch of U.N.O.

Last year's conference of this most important forum for discussion of Asian economic problems was held in Kuala Lumpur.

Australia has only once before been the venue of the annual conference—at Lap-woon, N.S.W., in 1948. Since then it has grown considerably.

The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, will open the Broadbeach conference, at which Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, will head the Australian delegation.

There is nothing Top Sec-

ret about the Broadbeach conference, which is open to the public.

Stamp collectors are already clamoring for letters to be posted to them from the special conference Post Office at Lennons and an ECAFE stamp cancellation has been issued.

Lennons Hotel has installed 21 specially trained cooks in their kitchens to prepare food for delegates of all castes and creeds. International menus cover everything from wiener schnitzel to sukiyaki.

For Australian delegates the menus will be as good as a world tour.

Mr. J. Henry Ehrlich, the Austrian-born hotel manager, has imported frozen meats prepared under strict Muslim rites. He has also planned a good variety of fish and vegetarian meals for people with national food prejudices.

For weeks now preparations for the conference have attracted great attention — and not a little humor.

The Russian delegation are innocent victims of a colorful rumor founded on typical Aussie wit.

The grapevine said that the Russians would occupy a special building and hermetically seal themselves off from other races after conference hours.

The story grew and grew. It was said they were bringing their own food, own cooking utensils, and even their own drinking water.

This is how the story started:

Curious people saw workmen altering a block of garages and asked: "What are you doing that for?"



THE SETTING for the ECAFE Conference, for which 250 delegates from some 40 countries will invade Lennons Hotel at Broadbeach.

"For the Martians," the workmen answered laconically — implying: "Mind your own business."

"For WHOM?" repeated the sightseers.

"Oh, for the Russians then. Anyone you like," said the workmen, less laconically.

"In truth, the Russians have been very friendly about everything," said Mr. A. Malcolm Morris, of the Department of External Affairs, who has been installed on the Gold Coast for months, and calls himself "Mr. Housekeeper" to the conference.

"The Russians are expected to live side by side with the other delegates, in either Lennons or Chevron Hotel."

The occupants of the converted garages will be the "glamor typists" from Brisbane.

They are the typists whose appointment caused such a stir recently.

"They got their jobs on good looks," said the girls who were passed over. "No, they definitely did not," defended the selectors.

Glamorous or not, they'll certainly be busy typists.

Summaries of each day's talks will be published nightly like a ship's newspaper. The girls will live in serviced apartments and will use the garages as offices.

Delegates arrive during the first week in March.

For them the whole of Lennons and much of Chevron have been reserved, while the big staff of secretaries and assistants will fan out over a large slice of Gold Coast accommodation.

Lennons Dolphin Room has been extended to twice its former size to serve as the conference room.

Furnished in senate-style, it has a big rostrum for the Presidium, and the former convention room has been made into two committee rooms.

Official languages for the conference are English, French, and Russian. Simultaneous translations will be broadcast, and each delegate, equipped with earphones, can tune into the language he chooses.

On March 9 a giant United Nations flag will be hoisted on top of the hotel, where it will be visible to all traffic on the Pacific Highway. Thirty-five national flags will fly from the mezzanine roof.

I asked Mr. Ehrlich whether he thought Australia could put on a good show, in view of all the criticism that has been made of hotels here.



ABOVE: On their visit to Australia, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll made a special request to see the venue of the 15th annual ECAFE Conference. Photographed there are (from left) Mr. A. Malcolm Morris, Mr. J. Henry Ehrlich, hotel manager, the Duchess, Mr. Alan Campbell, of Brisbane, the Duke, Mrs. Ehrlich.

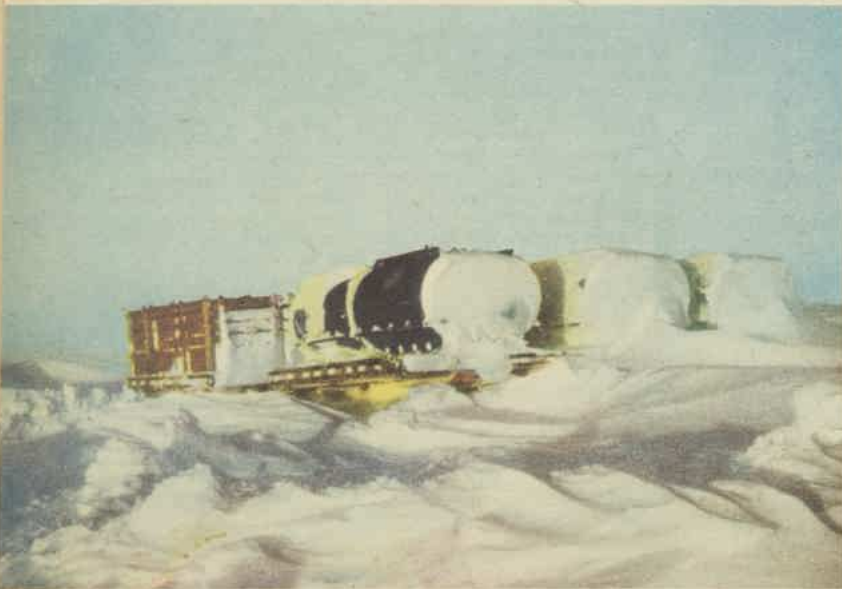
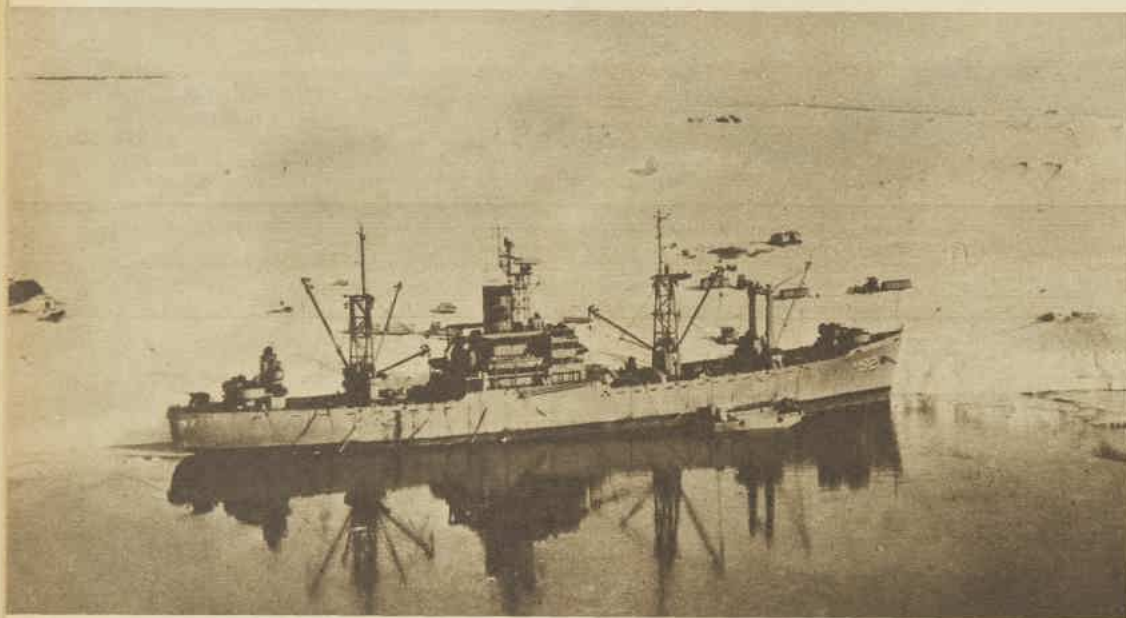
RIGHT: Lennons pool, pavilion, and dance rotunda, where delegates can relax right beside the Pacific.

LEFT: The hotel by night. Delegates have completely taken over Lennons and also much of Chevron.





PENGUINS were co-operative models for photographers at Little America. Below: Official U.S. Navy photograph of USS Wyandot, supply ship on Operation Deep Freeze, Phase Four, which furnishes support to U.S. Government research groups in the frozen south.



SNOW SHAPES like meringues were created by drifts against these fuel tanks at Little America. The tanks supplied fuel for 38-ton tractors and motorised snow-sleds landed at Little America for Byrd Station, 650 miles away. Five hundred thousand tons of material too heavy to be carried by aircraft were hauled across the hazardous route.

The world's loneliest chapel—lost in a cathedral of ice

By JOYCE BOWDEN: A small Antarctic chapel, built last year in the ice-locked solitude of Little America, may be drifting today in the heart of a towering blue iceberg more than 3000 miles south of Sydney. The chapel's strange end was described by its minister, Chaplain Alfred Saeger, jun., who visited Sydney aboard the supply ship USS Wyandot.

BEARDED Chaplain Saeger, a Lutheran, was on his way home to Rhode Island after a year at Little America, a United States Government scientific research base.

The base was abandoned recently when a huge crack split the ice shelf on which it was built, 440 miles from McMurdo Sound. When the last of the 109 scientists and servicemen moved out, the shelf was about to fall into the sea and join the ponderous iceberg navies of summer Antarctica.

Last March, Chaplain Saeger volunteered to remain at the base during the coming winter freeze—the base would be cut off for seven months—and the men decided to build him a chapel in the snow.

In freezing winds and temperatures of 80 below, the men wrecked packing cases and supply crates to build the pews and other furnishings. All wood was sandpapered down and stained to look like mahogany.

From parachutes and other materials they manufactured curtains and flags to flank the altar. Electricians in the group provided indirect lighting and steel girders protected the roof against the weight of the snow and ice to come.

The Australian meteorological observer attached to the party, Mr. Keith Morley, formerly of Perth, now of Melbourne, painted on canvas a "window" that, in the subdued chapel lighting, resembled stained glass.

(Keith Morley was one of four foreign observers with the party. The others were Russian Paul Astenko, Frenchman Jean Alt, and Lieut. Alberto Arruiz from Argentina.)

When the chapel was completed—and blizzards and snow drifts had buried it eight feet deep—Chaplain Saeger held services every day.

Chaplain Saeger is looking forward to his return home, where he hears promotion in his Navy rank is awaiting him. More importantly, he says, he is looking forward to shaving off his beard, which his four-year-old daughter, Rebecca, forbade him to lose until her sister Kristen and their mother had seen it.



CHAPLAIN SAEGER



CHAPEL IN THE SNOW. Little America's 109 scientists and servicemen made this chapel from packing cases and crates when Chaplain Saeger volunteered to spend the isolated winter at the base. The color pictures on these two pages are some of more than 300,000 photographs taken by U.S. correspondents and residents at the base.



SKYSCRAPERS IN THE SNOW

LIKE A SKYSCRAPER CITY rising out of the anonymous blankness of the white continent, these huge wooden crates contained thousands of tons of heavy vehicles and equipment brought in by ship for the United States scientific research project in the Antarctic. Below: Little America, near Kainan Bay on the Ross Ice Shelf, photographed from two miles away. A great crack has developed behind the base and the edge of the shelf is about to fall into the sea. The base has been abandoned and valuable equipment sent to other stations.



3

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regular size, 5/3;
"jewel" container, 6/3;
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G199.143

Page 10

FATHER

HAT SHOP



MOTHER

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE



"I want one that keeps repeating: 'Hurry up, you'll be late for school!'"

It seems to me

ABOUT that proposal to present some koalas to the San Francisco Zoo:

It is all very well to be generous, but there are limits.

Many people complain that Australia's overseas publicity lays too much stress on koalas.

But you can't blink the fact that most tourists care a lot more about koalas than about culture.

If it's culture they want, they can go to Europe.

If it's scenery—other countries have plenty of that, too.

If it's nightclubs or luxury plumbing, why travel farther than Honolulu?

Many an American tourist seems to feel she's had her money's worth when she sees—and takes a color picture of—"those cute little bears."

So why give them away?

The Americans do so many things efficiently that I wouldn't put it past them to breed a whole colony of the bears, put them in California's already plentiful gum trees, and design a poster reading: "Why cross the Pacific? See Australia right here—and in comfort, too."

FROM the tourist angle, Campbelltown, near Sydney, is doing a smart thing in planning a monument to Fisher's Ghost.

Owning Fisher's Ghost is quite an asset to Campbelltown, which hopes, by proper exploitation, to become as famous as Gundagai.

Reports indicate that the monument will take the form of a wishing well. There are arguments about the wisdom of adding a statue of the ghost.

Devising a statue of a ghost presents problems. Stone or bronze detract from ghostliness.

The residents should give the matter earnest thought. By the use of fluorescent lighting, mirrors, and some manipulation it should be possible to make a ghostly ghost.

Here's a notion they're welcome to: Have a sort of juke-box wishing well. Insertion of two shillings would work a switch causing the ghost to appear. For a pound the caretaker could utter a spine-chilling scream.

THE P.M.G.'s move towards cooler telephone boxes seems rather ill-advised.

That hot, tobacco-laden staleness of the old-fashioned telephone box has its advantages.

It doesn't encourage the caller to linger, though, goodness knows, some don't need encouragement.

You and I, of course, never waste time on public telephones. We just dash in, pennies poised, number in mind, and have a conversation not exceeding three minutes.

But those others—the ones who start to look up the number and then have to find their other glasses, who ask after auntie's health and tell what happened to cousin Miriam, who are deaf to the sound of rattled pennies, and blind to the sight of threatening scowls—what will they do if the boxes are cool and comfortable? Probably they'll take a camp stool, headphones, and a bag of peas to shell.

By



Dorothy Drann

IT'S alarming to learn that the chairman of a big English firm has had his frown removed by plastic surgery.

According to a story from London, boys are taking plastic surgery in a big way.

If they confined themselves to having their ears pinned back, their noses Romanesqued, or their faces made over to be like Gregory Peck's, it would be harmless enough, but don't like the thought of the chairman's missing frown.

You can imagine him presiding over a meeting of executives. He announces his latest plan for organisation.

"It's a pretty silly idea, sir," says the new and brash junior executive.

"Do you think so, Fothergill?" asks chairman.

"I think it would be ruinous to the company," says the poor little junior executive.

"That's interesting, Fothergill," says chairman, still wearing that smooth unruined brow.

I don't think there is any need to describe this situation further.

All employees are accustomed to watching the face of the boss for stormy-weather signs.

Life will be pretty hard if these signs are moved by plastic surgery.

Life will be pretty hard if these signs are moved by plastic surgery.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 4,



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

BASS HILL DRIVE-IN, one of Sydney's eight drive-in movie theatres. Copied from similar theatres in America, drive-ins are now accepted features of the landscape in all major Australian cities and many larger country towns. These theatres, where you sit in your own car to view the film, provide ideal family entertainment. Most drive-ins have a children's playground and snack-bar like this 720-car Bass Hill Drive-in, opened in November, 1956. In the foreground of this picture (taken by Douglass Baglin) is the Bass Hill greyhound training track, and just behind the drive-in is the new Boys' High School. At far right is the Hume Highway leading towards Cabramatta, Canley Vale, and Fairfield. In the far distance are the Blue Mountains.

Simple Arithmetic proves that...

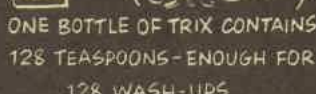
**ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX
CAN SAVE YOU
OVER 20 HOURS WORK
IN WASHING-UP ALONE!**



1 IT TAKES ONLY
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP



2 ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS
128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR
128 WASH-UPS



3 USING SOAP
OR SOAP POWDER,
A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
AT LEAST 10 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.



4 NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF

BECAUSE IT
DISSOLVES
GREASE QUICKER
TRIX WASHES CLEAN FASTER



5 AT THE VERY LEAST
TRIX SAVES 1/2 MINUTE
ON EACH WASH-UP—
A SAVING OF
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES
FOR 128 WASH-UPS!

6 AND AS
TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR
128 WASH-UPS)...
YOU ACTUALLY SAVE
ANOTHER 19 HOURS 12 MINS.

ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!



Trix Saves Time and Work
in Practically Every Cleaning Job!
Washing clothes—cleaning windows
—upholstery—floors—the car

No need to dry-up when you use Trix! You see... when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming: you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking. Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that suds-washed-and-wiped-up dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!

Trix is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.
—makers of famous MORTEIN



£50 prizes in Diet Contest

● Here are this week's two £50 prizewinners in our Diet Contest. One of them is a staggered diet. The other is a complete blueprint for slimming and staying slim. Each week we award two prizes of £50 for the best diet hints. There will be a prize of £500 for the best hint of the contest. All other entries published win £2/2/-.

ENTRIES in the contest close on March 9.

The first £50 prize goes to Miss L. Janowska, of Coburg, Victoria, whose blueprint for slimming and staying slim is based on eating low-calorie foods and eating them slowly. This is her entry:

I AM a New Australian. I was much overweight when I came out here, from eating the wrong food.

I lost two stone, mainly by concentrating on fruit and fruit juices.

My problem was how to keep the constant weight afterwards. I worked out a schedule which I have been practising for the past five years, and my weight does not vary much between summer and winter.

I am a working girl, so it is easier for me to control the amount of food I prescribe myself for the day. But it can be adapted by anyone.

Breakfast

Since breakfast is a very important meal I concentrate on it. For that purpose I get up 15 minutes earlier. Usually I pour a cup of tea and let it cool while I have a shower or get my lunch ready. I start breakfast with a drink of tea (I take milk but no sugar).

I drink it slowly, enjoying it, and read the paper or a magazine at the same time to occupy my mind and relax before the day's work.

Then I have a boiled egg and another cup of tea or two.

By the time I start eating toast I am not hungry, and one slice, usually with white cottage cheese, is quite sufficient. I am lavish with cheese.

After about 15 minutes of that slow eating I feel as if I have had a big meal.

I am still not hungry by morning-tea time and it is easy for me to refuse a biscuit or cake offered by a kindly girlfriend. I have a drink only.

Lunch

I plan lunch carefully a day before. I persuade myself to eat things that are good for me and have acquired a taste for them.

I boil two eggs in the morning, one I take for lunch. I take one sandwich—two thin slices of bread filled with white cottage cheese (about 1/4 inch thick).

White cottage cheese is high in proteins and has a very low-calorie value; it is bulky and makes a sandwich look big and juicy. It can be blended with almost anything to suit personal taste, can even

be made sweet with sugar and vanilla, jam, or honey, etc.

I generally prepare my cheese the night before, sufficient for lunch and breakfast. I use salt and cream only, and no butter on bread or toast.

To increase the volume of my lunch I take any salad vegetables that are in season and a few pieces of fruit in case I feel hungry during the day.

Sometimes I substitute one banana or a slice of meat for the egg.

I don't have soup at night, but I have a drink of tea instead and then have a normal meal with a small amount of sweet and/or cake, often crisp biscuits (not many, two or three) with honey and cream instead.

Dinner

When I go out straight from work I leave my egg from lunch until it is nearly time to go. I then eat the egg as well as a piece of fruit—usually grapefruit. That way I save myself buying sweets or cakes on the way, and I am not hungry when I start my meal.

Then if I have to take a drink of beer before dinner it doesn't go on an empty stomach and knock me down.

Every time I feel hungry to the extent that I can't resist food, I take a grapefruit first, but I peel it like an orange and then try to take the skin off each segment separately.

It takes so long that by the

time I have finished eating one grapefruit my mind is off the food completely and I have relaxed as well.

I gave up sugar in tea and coffee as the first condition for dieting. Now I am at the stage where I can't tolerate sugar in drinks at all.

It helps in hot weather especially, since sugar in soft drinks compensates for the amount of food we are not eating, and the overall result for health and figure is negative.

£50 to Miss L. Janowska, 4 Rodda Street, Coburg, Vic.

The other £50 prizewinner, Mrs. P. Walker, of Floreat Park, W.A., worked out a schedule to conquer the monotony of dieting.

This is her entry:

HAVING tried many different methods of adhering to a diet without any great success, I evolved this method for myself.

Taking into consideration the number of calories needed to sustain good health and yet, at the same time, lose weight, I set out to conquer the horrible "sameness" each diet meal had for me.

To introduce variety, I dieted for a week at a time, each day being devoted to an entirely different type of food.

First Day: Fruit Day. A large variety of fruits (excepting grapes and bananas) and juices, served in as many different ways as possible, for each meal.

Second Day: Meat Day. Plenty of lean or white meat, either grilled, baked, or sliced cold with salad.

Third Day: Vegetable Day. It was amazing the number of different ways I could serve any vegetable, hot or cold—excepting potatoes.

Fourth Day: Fish Day. Any fresh fish, either grilled, steamed with parsley sauce, or baked.

Fifth Day: Milk and Milk Products Day. Plenty of cheese, my first bread with butter (2 slices), milk drinks, milk coffee, etc.

Sixth Day: Egg Day. Eggs with salads. I boiled, poached, scrambled, curried them, and made omelets.

Seventh Day: A Typical Diet Menu. This was taken from any reputable diet, combining the foods eaten on the preceding six days.

I found this way interesting, imaginative, and very easy to adhere to for the seven days. I drank plenty of water, black tea and white tea, but ate little salt.

£50 to Mrs. P. Walker, 94 Evandale Street, Floreat Park, W.A.

HOW TO ENTER

HOW do you diet? How do you stick to your diet? We award two prizes of £50 each week for:

1. The best reducing hint.

2. The best hint on how to stick to a diet.

The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the big £500 prize.

Closing date for entries is March 9.

● Address your entries "Diet Hints," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.



AT ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY Dr. Cameron, Federal Minister for Health, officially opens the World Health Organisation Dental Health Seminar. During the seminar dental experts from 25 countries discussed such subjects as dietary control and dental health services for pre-school and school-age children.

Women beat men at dentist-chair bravery

● Women are braver than men in the dentist's chair . . . Australian children have six times as many teeth extracted as New Zealand children . . . most Hollywood stars have capped teeth . . . many dentists hate going to the dentist, too.

THESE are some of the odd facts I learnt after talking to international dental experts at the recent World Health Organisation Dental Health Seminar at Adelaide University.

The seminar was attended by about 45 participants from some 25 countries and territories, mainly in the Western Pacific and South-east Asian areas.

None of the experts I talked to showed any hesitation before replying to my question: "Are women braver and better patients than men?"

"That's for sure," said cheerful Dr. R. G. Soeria Soemantri, of Indonesia, with a contagious, deep chuckle.

"That's my definite opinion. "Women are regarded as, how do you say it, the weaker sex, but in fact they are not."

"Nature makes them braver than men, equips them to endure pain more easily."

Biting facts

Professor J. P. Walsh, Australian-born dean of the dental school at the University of Otago, New Zealand, said:

"Both dentally and medically, women can take pain and discomfort better than men. What I mean is, if men had to have babies the human race would soon be extinct."

"Women also look after their teeth better. Perhaps it's

because they are more concerned with their appearance."

Dr. D. J. Galagan, assistant chief of the Division of Dental Health in Washington, agreed that "appearance" was a vital factor in making women better dental patients.

"They want the aesthetic good looks that good teeth bring to them, and are willing to suffer for it. Not, of course, that there's much pain in dental work these days," he said.

Sitting on the tree-shaded

the dental authorities covered a wide field.

They reviewed accomplishments in dental health in Western Pacific and South-east Asian countries during the five years since the last W.H.O. Seminar, discussed current dental health problems, and ways to overcome them.

Several dentists admitted they dreaded going to the dentist.

"I hate it," said Professor Jens Waerhaug, who is Pro-

"And most school dentists are women, because they are much better at treating children than men. They have more patience."

Professor Waerhaug also agreed with his colleagues that women care for their teeth better than men.

"It's interesting," he said, "that women, who, through their physical make-up, are more predisposed to diseases of the gums than men, actually contract fewer diseases."

The reason is simple. They pay more attention to dental hygiene. They are better tooth brushers."

Professor Waerhaug, who was described as a member of the "Brains Trust" at the seminar — one of the small group of world authorities who gave leadership to discussions — told me that the best way to look after teeth and gums is to clean the mouth thoroughly twice a day and use a toothpick regularly.

"Just an ordinary wooden toothpick," he said, with a smile, "but please not in a restaurant or at a private dinner table. Only in the bathroom."

"I still am old-fashioned enough to believe that the public use of a toothpick is an uncultured habit."

Dentists attending the seminar were unanimous in condemning excessive eating of lollies, chocolates, biscuits, cakes, and too much undiluted sugar.



THE ONLY WOMAN delegate at the recent dental health seminar in Adelaide was Dr. Thi-Thin Vu, of Vietnam. She is pictured with Dr. Stephen Falkland, regional public health administrator of the World Health Organisation in Manila.

Most outspoken was Professor Walsh, of New Zealand. "Why, oh, why," he said, with a despairing note in his voice, "do mothers give their children sweets instead of fruit, particularly in Australia, where fruit is so cheap and plentiful?"

"Sugar to children is like alcohol to adults. A little at the right time is all right. Too much at the wrong time does a great deal of harm. Taking too much sugar is like drinking alcohol on an empty stomach."

A sour note

"Unfortunately, also, too many parents still use lollies as a reward for good behaviour."

"The average woman also eats too much chocolate and too many cakes."

"The poor dears try not to, especially if they are worried about weight, and then they get involved in afternoon-tea parties. Each one tries to outdo the other in making rich, sugary cakes."

"By the time the average Australian child leaves primary school, half his second

teeth are decayed, missing, or filled. This could be halved by correct diet or hygiene methods, and halved again if fluorine were added to water supplies."

"And, do you know," Professor Walsh added, "that by the time average Australians or New Zealanders reach 40, fifty per cent. of them have full dentures."

Only woman participant at the seminar is Dr. Thi-Thin Vu, from Vietnam, a graduate of the University of Paris.

She told me the reason for the scarcity of women dentists in America, Australia, and New Zealand could be that dentistry is so tiring.

"After all, you are standing most of the day," she said.

Dr. Thi-Thin Vu smiled broadly at the opinions expressed by her male colleagues on men and women patients.

"I don't agree with that at all," she said. "I find that men are much better patients."

"But, perhaps, it's because I am a woman, and my male patients are a little shy of me. Certainly, they are very well behaved."

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

lawns outside St. Mark's College, Adelaide, where most of the seminar participants were quartered, Dr. Galagan spoke of the vast improvements made in the aesthetic field of dentistry in America.

"Take the new synthetic plastic fillings, the more realistic dentures, and caps for teeth," he said.

"Most of the Hollywood movie stars have caps."

"Now take you," he said, after I had mentioned two of mine I call my "prehistoric fangs." "If you lived in America, you'd have caps on them."

During their 10-day seminar, which was conducted by the W.H.O. Western Pacific Regional Office in co-operation with the Commonwealth Department of Health and the Australian Dental Association,

fessor of Dentistry and head of the Department of Periodontian and Crown and Bridge at the Norwegian State Dental School at Oslo.

Professor Waerhaug, a world-renowned expert on diseases of the gums, is gentle, with a puckish sense of humor.

"Dentistry is interesting and pleasant work if you are idealistic," he said. "You can do a lot of harm, but you can also do a lot of good."

He said that one in four practising dentists in Norway was a woman, a startlingly high number compared with the ratio in America, Australia, or New Zealand.

"The reason for the high Norwegian figure is our school dental system, I think," he said. "Practically every school has its own dental clinic."



Dr. R. Soeria Soemantri, of Indonesia.



Professor J. P. Walsh, of New Zealand.



Professor Jens Waerhaug, of Norway.



Dr. D. J. Galagan, of America.



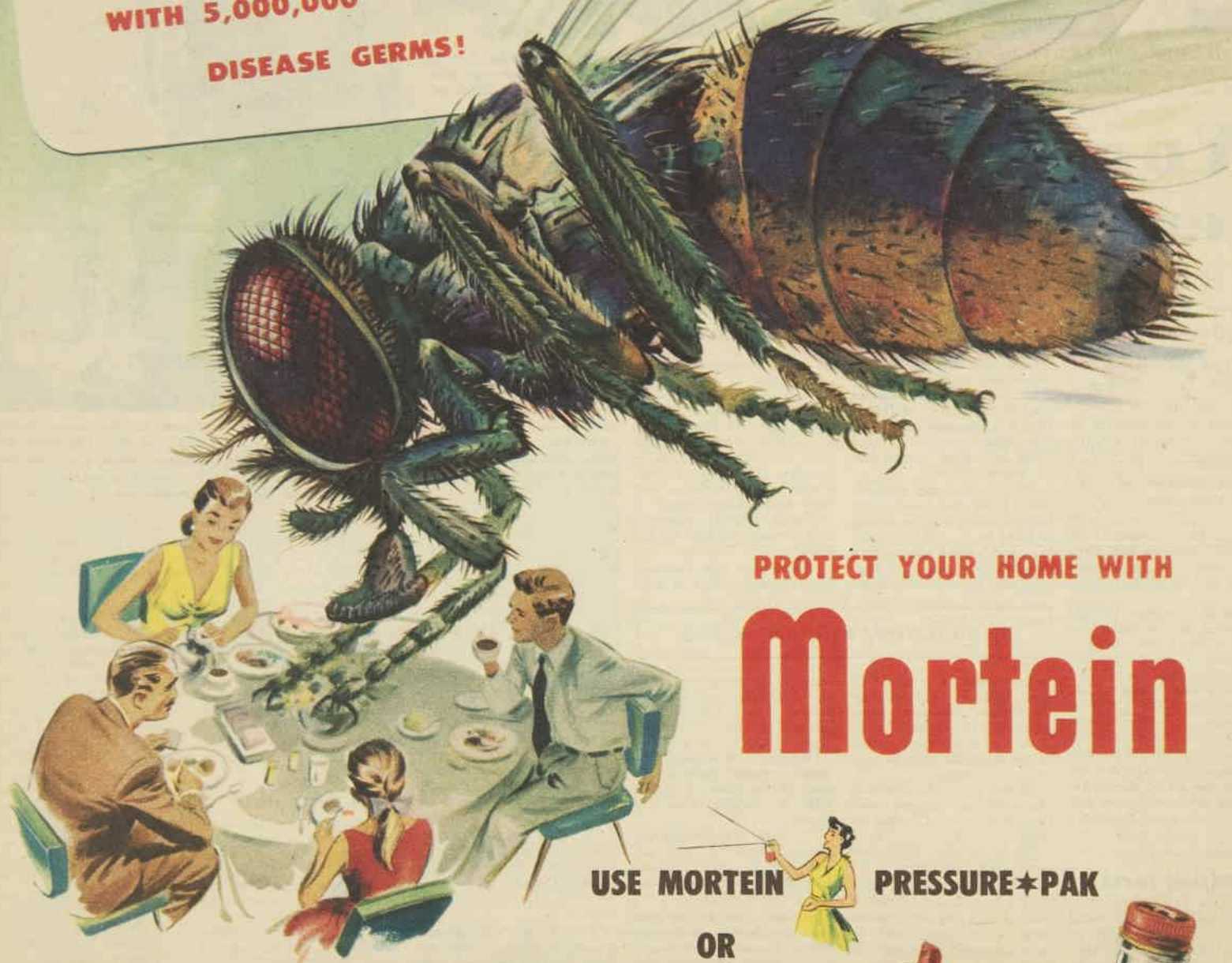
Dr. W. Balendra, of Ceylon.



Dr. Keiji Takagi, of Japan.

The Fly who came to Dinner...

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This fly is no V.I. Fly. He is any common fly. He could be in your home right now—dumping his overload of germs on baby's fingers, tea-towels, even upon your food; regurgitating consumed filth on table utensils, or rubbing bits of putrefaction from his sticky, hairy, germ-infested legs on anything at all.

That is the risk you take with every fly that comes into your home. Each fly could leave any of the 5,000,000 disease germs he carries. He could bring diseases such as typhoid, infantile diarrhoea, dysentery, poliomyelitis or infectious hepatitis into your home.

So, be warned! Make sure you kill all flies the moment they appear. Use only Mortein. You can't — and mustn't — depend on watered down imitations. Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray. It is the safest of all to use—and certainly the most economical. Spray it regularly in every room.

MORTEIN KILLS ALL FLIES & INSECT PESTS SURELY, SWIFTLY

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING... STICK TO IT!

SOCIAL JOTTINGS OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



ARRIVING at Parliament House for the reception at King's Hall are the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, Dame Pattie Mensie, and the Prime Minister. Dame Pattie wore a lace gown in soft pink, heavily embroidered in iridescent sequins.

MORE than 1000 visitors from all States flocked to Canberra for the recent opening by the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, of the 23rd session of Federal Parliament and all its festivity.

Talk of politics was taboo among the women at both the opening ceremony and the reception. Instead the chatter concerned personalities and fashions. The man who caught every feminine eye was blond, 28-year-old Mr. Doug Anthony, quickly dubbed Parliament's glamor boy, who was sworn in for his second term. Mr. Anthony, son of the former Postmaster General, and holder of his late father's seat of Richmond, was accompanied by his charming wife. Honors for the best-dressed woman would be too hard to allocate, but Mrs. Harold Holt would be in the running with her rose-printed ensemble worn to the opening ceremony. Lady Carrington, Mrs. Sim Bennett, and Madame Renaud Siven, wife of the French Ambassador, all wore magnificent evening gowns at the reception. The round of parties began the night before the opening with a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Howse at their Canberra home. ... there was a Government House luncheon before the opening and the guests included Sir Frank and Lady Kitto and Margaret Kitto, who had acted as her father's associate at the morning's swearing-in ceremony. ... Lord Carrington and Lady Carrington gave a dinner party before the reception and so did the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie. The Governor-General and Lady Slim entertained again the following night for Lord Knollys.



QUEENSLAND Senator Sir Neil O'Sullivan arriving with Lady O'Sullivan, who chose a brocade gown with a rose on the hip.

RIGHT: One of the most magnificent gowns was worn by Mrs. Sim Bennett, of Kambah, A.C.T., pictured talking with her husband.



BRITISH High Commissioner Lord Carrington arriving at Parliament House with Lady Carrington for the opening of the 23rd session of Federal Parliament by the Governor-General, Sir William Slim.



COUNTRY PARTY member Mr. Doug Anthony walks up the red carpet to the reception with his wife. Mrs. Anthony's gown, in two shades of muted willow-green, featured a soft, draped neckline.

FIRST on the floor were the Federal Treasurer, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt, in an Empire gown of aqua chiffon.



CANBERRA district guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ryrie, of Michelago. Mrs. Ryrie was one of the many younger women who chose a short floral evening gown.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL Sir Garfield Barwick and Lady Barwick chat between dances at the King's Hall reception to mark the opening of Federal Parliament.

KAY KENDALL, star of M.G.M.'s
"The Reluctant Debutante"



"...the purity, the gentleness that makes
your skin softer and clearer..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

As one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, Kay Kendall knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. So she uses Lux.

Of course, naturally gentle Lux can do as much for you. Its rich cosmetic lather cleans your skin thoroughly, yet is

so mild . . . leaves your skin so much softer and smoother. The Lux fragrance is special, too . . . a blend of many fine perfumes. And now you can choose your bath size Lux from four lovely pastels, and white. Even the prettiest bathroom looks prettier with a matching bathsoap.

9 out of 10 of the world's most beautiful women depend on the purity of Lux



Now in 4 lovely pastels and white



SOPHISTICATED frock of black crepe and satin (left) has a low waistline, and a back drape of silk chiffon falling from the shoulder to hem. Black only. Hedley James Signature by McGinley & Carpenter. About £18.



TEAL - BLUE pure silk (left) fashions this charming dress with a wide neck, fitted bodice, and cleverly cut short skirt. Other colors green, black. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £34.



SHORT evening dress of black taffeta trimmed with white (right) has a wide neck and a nipped waist. About £12/12/-. The full taffeta coat in a five-eighth length is satin-lined. By John J. Hilton Pty. About £12/12/-.

Survey of
Australian
Fashions
by
M. J. McMAHON

Clothes you can buy this season

- In this five-page fashion section we present a collection of Australian-made clothes designed for autumn and winter. The styles shown on this page feature lovely fabrics and a variety of detail. These and the coats, suits, and daytime outfits overleaf will be on sale in stores and shops in N.S.W. at about the prices given.



TURQUOISE gown (above) of Swiss lustre has the popular Empire look. Other colors are black, red, honey, blue, green. Hedley James Signature by McGinley & Carpenter. About £31/10/-.



GALA GOWN of green lace embroidered with silver thread (right) has wide neckline and high waist. Other color is grotto-blue with silver. Hedley James Signature by McGinley & Carpenter. About £27.

New designs— new fabrics

● This season there are a variety of striking coatlines to choose from — tapered, trapeze, straight, unfitted. Lengths are medium to fairly short. Shaggy mohair, the season's newsiest innovation, appears in bulky-seeming coats that weigh next to nothing and glow with vivid color. There is elegance in smooth mohair and tapered velour collared with fox fur. Tweed could be easily a top favorite. The coat-dress in black, white, and checks is infinitely wearable.



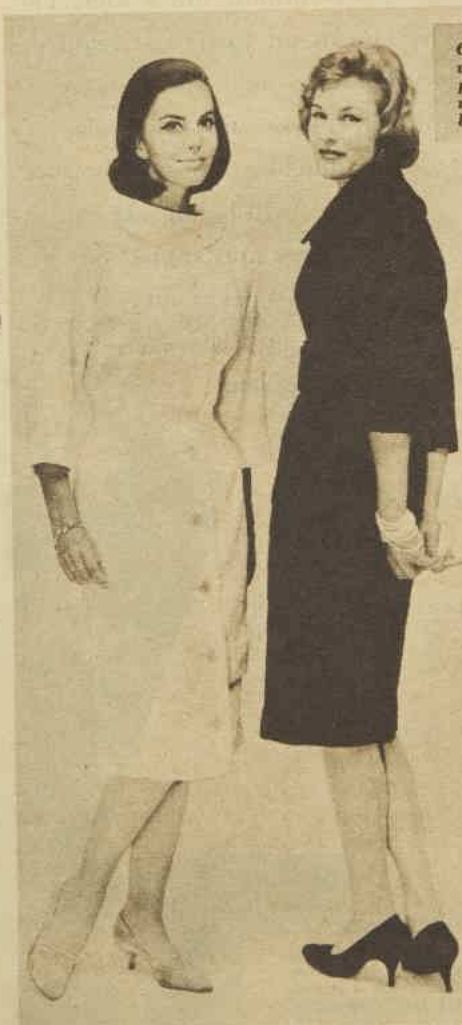
TRAPEZE in violet wool mohair, with a low half-belt. Other colors: grey, blue. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £38.

TAPERED coat in blue velour is collared in fox. Other colors: taupe, green, red. By M. Seamonds & Co. About £46.

EMPIRE line in royal-blue mohair is also available in oatmeal, green, red. By M. Seamonds & Co. About £25.



HIGH-BUTTON coat in smooth mohair in the new orange shade. Others: black, green, blue. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £39.



COAT-DRESSES (left). White hopsack has a stand-up collar and bouffant back. Other colors: blue, pink, fiesta, green. About £14. Belted shaggy black mohair buttons through. Other colors: green, copper, blue. By Melva Pty. Ltd. Fully lined, about £17.



WALKING SUIT in coffee-and-cream tweed. The easy, five-eighths coat follows the slim lines of the fitted skirt. By M. Seamonds & Co. About £22.



COAT-DRESS with full back combines black wool with black-and-white weave. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £33.

The luxury look in silk and velvet

● "Wear red at night if you want to cut a dash" is a good fashion rule. Red adds a spark to your appearance and a sparkle to your eyes. A vivid interpretation is the eye-catching dress (left) of cerise silk-and-wool fabric. Sapphire-blue velvet (below) is another wonderful choice this autumn.



HANDSOME evening coat of blue velvet has back fullness springing from an unusual V effect. The deep collar fastens with two huge buttons. Other colors red, green, black. About £38/17/.

COMPANION piece in velvet is this slim dress designed to go under a coat with grace. The bow-shaped hemline is unusual. All three designs are by H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £34/13/-.

SMART little dress (left) for a gala occasion is this model in red silk-and-wool fabric with a stand-away band and bow high under the bosom. Other colors, grey, black, green. About £19/19/-.



Mello-Lite

featuring

**SHADEMASTER
HIGH GLOSS LATHS**
wipe clean in a jiffy

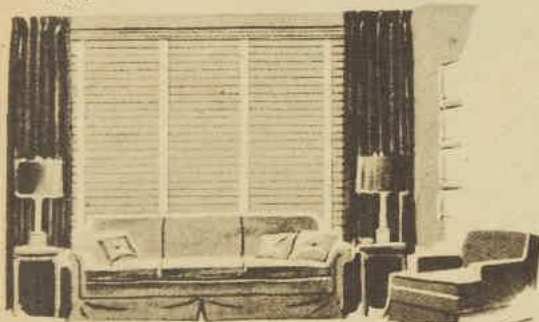


"Mello-Lite" gives you
the most wanted feature
in Venetian Blinds.

"Mello-Lite" venetians are made with "Shademaster" high gloss laths . . . laths that are silicone-treated . . . laths that stay cleaner longer . . . laths that you will find a real work saver. Independent tests prove that the mirror-finish on "Mello-Lite" venetians cuts down cleaning time by 75%. Not only does "Mello-Lite" give you the easiest blind to clean, "Mello-Lite" also give you blinds that are custom-built to last a life-time. The aluminium head can not rust . . . the clear-line bottom rail does away with bulky tapes . . . the textured look plastic tapes will not tear. When you compare "Mello-Lite" with any other venetian you will find that "Mello-Lite" refinements make it the best venetian your money can buy.

Decorate for "Window Magic"

Here's the most exciting up to the minute decorating sensation of the year. "Mello-Lite" Venetian Blinds in Carnation Pink with black tapes and cords. Try other combinations of wonderful "Mello-Lite" colours and you'll get many exciting results. You'll find your windows become a focal point of beauty that will spark the entire room.



MELLO-LITE ALSO BRINGS YOU THE ALUMINIUM AWNING THAT ROLLS

Here's sun control at your fingertips. The "Mello-Lite" roll-up awning can be adjusted to any height or out of sight in seconds. "Mello-Lite" awnings add beauty and value to your home . . . blend with any style architecture . . . last a house time. You choose from decorator chosen high gloss colours.



WIN A TRIP TO VENICE

Enter the Venetian Blind Manufacturers' Association competition. For details of entry see advertisements appearing in the "Australian Women's Weekly." The first prize is a holiday for two in Venice with first class travel by Lloyd Triestino. Second prize is a holiday for two at Surfers Paradise. Third prize is a colour photography outfit by Hanimex.

PAIN MFG. PTY. LTD.
P.O. Box 40, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Please send me information about the following (please tick):

- ☐ Mello-Lite Venetians ☐ Mello-Lite Flyscreens
☐ Mello-Lite Awnings ☐ Competition

Name _____

Address _____

Australian Fashions



TULIP-LINE ensemble (above) in blue wool angora has a seven-eighths coat and sleek dress with interesting skirt detail. Other colors: cocoa, green, mushroom. By Melva Pry. About £33.

RIGHT: Orange mohair (left) in a slim, button-trimmed dress with leather belt. Other colors: red, blue, black. About £10. Royal-blue black-checked wool (right) has a front tie. By John J. Hilton Pty. About £12.

Smart outfits . . .

• Here is a collection of new-season suits, dresses, and dresses and jackets that are smart and easy to wear. Waists are either natural and relaxed or raised; push-up sleeves are popular. Belts are broad and narrow. The classic suit has been replaced by jackets that are brief or belted, or semi-fitted to give a round effect.



ABOVE: Youthful dress patterned in royal-blue and green is a mixture of dacron and wool; permanently pleated, drip-dry. Other colors: green, red. By John J. Hilton Pty. About £10.



LEFT: Wide-collared middy-effect jacket and dress in sand angora. Other colors: black, blue, rose, green, teal. By Chic Parisienne. About £27.



ABOVE: Front and back view of a figure-flatterer in taupe wool angora with a narrow belt, front buttons, and adjustable scarf collar. Back fullness emphasises slim skirt. Other colors: blue, green, rose. By Chic Parisienne. About £21.

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suitable for every day



LEFT: Casual suit (left) in olive-green worsted has loose back and front belt slotted through side seams. Other colors: blue, beige, taupe, brown. About £35. Blue worsted suit (right) is double-breasted with twin bows. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £33.



SLEEK three-piece in beige worsted and cocoa velvet. The jacket extends just below the high-waisted skirt; the cross-over velvet blouse is buckle-belted. Other colors: blue, navy, black. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £45.



LEFT: Pure wool suit. The basque-type jacket fastens with three buttons, and a narrow belt finishes in a small bow at centre-back. Other colors: blue, green. By Russell Stuart Pty. Ltd. About £30.



DRESS and jacket (above) in wool tweed flecked with red, blue, and black. The Empire line is stressed with contrasting suede belts slotted through bodice and coat. Other colors: green and tan, blue and green with black. By Melva Pty. About £20.



TERYLENE and wool frock (above) in smoky-green with open permanent pleats. The high waist has a wideish shaped belt and bow. Other colors: sage-green, blue. By John J. Hilton Pty. About £12.



ABOVE, RIGHT: Easy-waisted dress with a reversed blouson jacket in sand angora. The neckline and jacket are bow-tied. Other colors: black, blue, rose, green, teal. By Chic Parisienne. About £27.



LEFT: Empire-line dress in green wool mohair has a cross-over bodice, short sleeves, and buttons through back. At right is the dress with its gathered jacket. The jacket is cut high to match the raised bodice. By John J. Hilton Pty. About £17.



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BRECK Shampoo especially developed for normal hair cleans thoroughly and effectively without drying the hair or scalp.

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Autumn Fashion Report

AN EIGHT-PAGE SECTION

by *Betty Keel*



● *Where is the waistline and what is the smart skirt-length? Answer these two queries, add brilliant color, and you have the outline (here, and on succeeding pages) of the Paris autumn collections. With the exception of Chanel, the Haute Couture has a uniform attitude to the waist — either slightly raised or high. For autumn, only Dior showed a longer skirtline.*



DIOR'S new skirtline, 16in. from the ground, is seen in this coat. The design is single-breasted, has three-quarter sleeves. A swathe over the ribs creates the new high-waisted look. The high-crowned hat is from the Maison Dior collection.

YOUNG Saint-Laurent at Dior caused a flurry when he dropped the hem to 16in. from the ground — by far the longest in Paris. Singlemindedly the rest of the Haute Couture showed a skirt stopping at knee level, or only slightly longer. Paris has always loved a pretty leg.

The longer skirts at Dior suggest new elegant elongated proportions. The look is further boosted by high heels, narrow shoes, and often a high hat.

The Empire line engulfed all the designers. There were literally hundreds of dresses following the high-waisted formula.

Its prototype in suits has a short, Empire-in-feeling jacket, worn with an easy, straight skirt or a pleated one. Sometimes the jacket covers a dress.

Mademoiselle Coco Chanel is the exception to the waist-under-the-bosom silhouette and the ultra-short jacket.

With highhandedness (and autumn was one of her biggest successes in a lifetime of fashion) Chanel showed a series of suits with bypassed waistlines in their jackets.

The Chanel skirt is an easy length, not noticeably short or long.

Coats are big and wrappy and made in material with weightless bulk. There are, too, Empire-line coats, and chic uncluttered designs. Coat collars are often enormous.

Don't be fainthearted about fur — it is quite the most important trim of the season.

See the new allure of long-haired pelts; and white mink on black was the most glamorous twosome in all Paris.

The whispering of silk (gossamer and stiff) is heard by night. A low-cut bodice-top was Paris' most exciting new evening venture. The raised Empire line further emphasises the bare look.

In a word, the evening scene is glamorous.

The outline of fashion this autumn is clearer than it has been for several seasons. This does not mean there is not a wealth of wonderful "surprise" ideas to choose from.

Astonishingly fresh to the eye are misty black stockings, dazzling necklaces to fill in the new Josephine bodice-tops, jewel-trimmed, rococo evening pumps, and the special delight of the new colors—pinks, raspberries, crimsons, artichoke-greens, mauves, blues, and the fresh look of black or brown mingled with white.



CARDIN'S coat shows a typical Paris skirtline—just covering the kneecap. The color and the uncluttered "young" line of the coat are pure Cardin. With the coat is an extravaganza of roses on a pink crown.



AUTUMN
FASHIONS

Romantic night-life...

The romantic allure of dresses from the Empire period is of supreme importance in Paris night-life fashions. The focus is on the bosom, and the décolletage is often revealing. Paris has no favorite after-dark color, but color is liked. Pure white is often tied, or accented, with brilliant color, or superbly embroidered with glitter. Pinks, reds, greens, gold are all in the picture, and black mingles with white. The height of night-life elegance is sheer black stockings (men have always loved them) worn with pale, jewel-trimmed evening slippers.

● **PURE** Empire, à la Josephine, is seen in the two dinner-to-evening dresses (right). Both designs are décolleté and sleeved, and both mix black with white importantly. Designs by Guy Laroche.



● **ROSE** tulle evening dress, embroidered in pearls and brilliants (right), is from Maison Dior. The skirt falls from a high waist; the bodice is one of the briefest in Paris.



● **LACE** at its prettiest (above) in a bare-topped, street-length dance-dress. The dress is tiered and bow-tied high under the bosom, Empire-style. From this point it bells out gracefully to the hemline.



and the new Empire



● CASTILLO at Lanvin called the fairy-tale dress (above) Champagne. The dress is made in spotted net, and boned with bright velvet ribbon. The skirt is frilled short in front and trails prettily to ground level at the back.



● FLOOR-LENGTH ballgown (above) from Maison Dior has a brief Empire-line bodice tied high. The bodice has a scooped-out neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. The enormous matching stole is new again in autumn fashion.



● THE BLAZE and dazzle of color is often seen in autumn night-life fashions. Above it is interpreted by Castillo at Lanvin in gold and cerise separates. The shoes are matched to the skirt.



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YARDLEY Lavender

The non-existent waist, the high-rising Empire, the cocoon line, a chic played-down silhouette, and the mammoth collar are included in —



Coat shapes for winter



• Pierre Cardin's coat (above) has a shoulder-wide pierrot cape-collar of cartridge fluting. More fluting goes from shoulder to shoulder to form the top section of the sleeves.



• Maggy Rouff's coat (above) designed with high-cut Empire bodice fastened with two buttons. The above-wrist sleeves are uncuffed, and the newly shaped ultra-large circular collar is chin-high.



• Claude Riviere uses black-and-white rough-surfaced tweed for the classic coat. Black braid is the only trim. The coat is worn with a miniature hat in tweed.

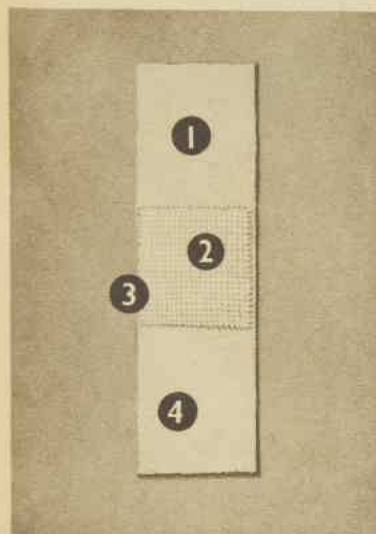


• Jacques Heim's superb cape-coat softly curved into a cocoon silhouette. The deep shoulder yoke replaces a collar. The coat is in hairy-surfaced wool, and can be worn for day or night.

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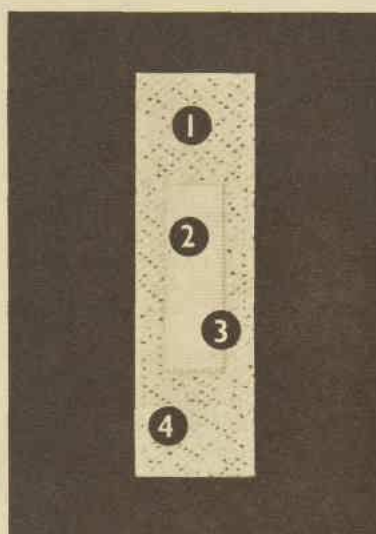
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Elastoplast Dressing Strips, medicated and elasticised, do away with bulky bandages that slip and slide. Available in 1 1/2, 2 1/2 or 3-inch widths in 1-yard lengths.



OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES

The Chanel look—



• **SUPERB** emerald-green rough-surfaced tweed is chosen for the suit above. The plateau-type hat and blouse are matched in color to the suit. The easy jacket has four pockets, and is outlined with hand-woven braid. The gold buttons are a typical Chanel touch.



• **THE** complete understatement of Chanel designing is seen in the gold-and-white brocade day-into-evening suit (left). The jacket is lined in pink jersey to match the sleeveless overblouse. The straight skirt is wrapped in front. Pointed-toe shoes in pale beige complete the ensemble.

easy and elegant

AS shown here, Chanel designing continues to combine easy elegance and wearability. After several decades of fashion Mademoiselle Chanel's signature is still the chic, off-hand cardigan suit. Materials in her autumn collection were more wonderful than ever before—the tweeds softer

and more tweedy, the brocades more lush. Fur was important as a trim or lining—or both. Skirtlines were not noticeably long or short, and the waistline not high or low—but just where nature intended it to be.



AUTUMN FASHIONS



• FOLLOWING the typical Chanel suit line, above is a straight, loose cardigan jacket and an easy skirt. Below is a suit with the same played-down chic.



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Page 29

1959—the year of the colored suit



A SHORT and semi-short jacket prevails in autumn fashions. The jacket can be unbelted, or its waistline can be tied high under the bosom. A bloused jacket is also in the picture. The skirt (or sometimes it's a dress) is straight, but cut for comfortable walking, and it's short. Here and there a pleated skirt makes its appearance. This brief jacket plus high hemline gives a chic, leggy, young look. Mohair and soft hairy wools are scheduled for success. Color is all-important, and it is often the element of the new look in suit fashion. There's a rage for pinks, red, and lilac, with orange and blues never more important.



AUTUMN
FASHIONS



● PINKS and reds ran riot through the Paris autumn collections. Above, right, is Chanel's pink cordigan suit worn with a matching blouse and hat. Left, Cardin's crimson wool suit with a bloused top.

● DIOR'S dress-plus-jacket ensemble (far left) has a brief jacket with a newly arched shoulder-line. The dress under the jacket has a pleated skirt. Left, a slick, easy-waist suit in mohair wool by Matia.

● CARDIN'S enchantingly young suit (right) made in scarlet velvet with a coarse lace, dyed-to-match collar. The important collar on a brief jacket is a typical Cardin look for the autumn-winter season.





● THE color, silhouette, and detail shown in these two suits represent the newest in autumn tailoring. Left, the jacket is Empire - inspired; at right, an easy suit is finished with a scarf collar.

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAD a lesson in goodwill and understanding taught to me by my young son a short time ago. He is just six years old. I was giving him a party for his birthday and asked whom he would like to invite. He named a little Italian boy and his sister who go to the same school. Then he added: "Their little cousin has just come to Australia and he can't speak like us, but I guess he would enjoy the party just the same." He came and, needless to say, they all had a wonderful time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Keating, Chelsea, Vic.

MY husband is one who believes that it is the wife who keeps the home budget in check, and has always handed me his wage packet intact. I put aside so much for this, so much for that, give him his fares, etc., see that his shaving gear is kept replaced, and that he is never short of any necessity. With what I saved we were able to purchase a homette and now we are both in the 70s we are contented with the knowledge we have both played our part to each other. Neighbors have called us Darby and Joan.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Gelham, Everton Park, Qld.

I VISITED a young married friend the other day. Her husband set the table, poured the tea, cut the bread, and so on, while she sat and chatted. Afterwards he washed and dried the dishes. My friend took all this for granted. Once the housewife wore an apron. The modern wife doesn't seem to need one.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Westley, Gladstone, Qld.

THE busy housewife should take more interest in local organisations. I am the mother of four children, for whom I knit and sew. This kept me busy, but I was in a rut. A friend talked me into joining her pet organisation and it has been well and truly worth the extra effort. I have the satisfaction of working for something worth while, and also the companionship of women like myself. So, mothers, don't say you haven't time.

10/6 to K. Smith, Cobargo, N.S.W.

SIX months ago I retired from work, and since then, with my wife's health considerably deteriorated, I'm acting as male nurse and doing the usual domestic chores. It's a change for one who always stopped and started by a factory whistle, and till now I never realised how much depends on the touch of a woman's hand around the home. Odd jobs are endless, all are important, and bedtime seems always out of reach. So, to the conscientious housewife, I take off my hat. Adversity has earned her my staunch support.

10/6 to S. Baker, Paddington, N.S.W.

WITH children back at classes, I'd like to put in a plea for the use of water-soluble inks in schools — no inky fingers, no spoilt clothes.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Sturges, Rosetta, Tas.

I'VE always wanted an umbrella made out of clear plastic material, so that I could shelter from the rain, yet see where I was going. Such umbrellas would protect motorists from those who put up their gamps, charge into the rain, almost rushing into the street and the approaching traffic. Are transparent umbrellas a future discovery? Or do they exist now? I've never found one.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Fitzgerald, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

HAVE Australian architects let their heads go too far with the maximum sunlight idea? A few years ago a man I know built a home so glassbound that he can live in it only during the cooler weather. Fortunately he is wealthy enough to own two houses. But might not some inexperienced New Australian, caught up in the sunlight craze in cold weather, live to regret his style of architecture in the summer, and not have the capital to alleviate his plight? Let us have abundant but not excessive sunlight.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Clarke, Geelong, Vic.

Top marks to exams

I WONDER does Mrs. S. Heard (28/1/59), who advocates the abolition of the matriculation examinations, realise how personal feelings would affect the system she prefers for assessing a scholar's ability? All teachers involved in the method proposed by Mrs. Heard would necessarily have to be completely devoid of personal bias, and also would have to possess exactly equivalent senses of values. Human nature would make this almost impossible. The present examination system does not appear as a "soul-searing and stomach-knotting process" to a student who has conscientiously worked during the year and, as a result, knows his work.

10/6 to Miss Anne Lythe, Ballarat, Vic.

Family affairs

WHEN shopping at the self-service grocery store I found it difficult to prevent my toddler son from helping himself to the goods on display. Then one day I gave him a separate basket to carry. Into this I put all the small, light items which he could carry with ease. As this required two hands, it prevented him from selecting his own goods and also gave him the feeling that he was helping Mummy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dawn Woolfe, Hamilton, Vic.

● Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

"THE washing machine's off-color," my wife said. "It seems listless and run-down. It can't spin-dry."

I listened uneasily to the recital of symptoms.

"Better get a man to look at it," I said, mentally adding: "Bang goes another two pounds."

We are much troubled by ailing gadgets. Hardly a week goes by without the carpet sweeper having a breakdown, or the radio getting buzzing noises, or something.

These home appliances are fairly robust while you are paying them off. But as soon as you send in the last instalment and think you are out of the wood, they begin to feel poorly.

It's a job to get someone to fix a gadget quickly, too.

Oh, the hours I have spent pleading with plumbers and fawning on fridge men.

Usually the things go bung on the weekend, when the repairers are away fishing.

OUT OF ORDER

Sometimes, I admit, the trouble has been my own fault.

The blades of the motor-mower would be in better shape if I had not tried to mow so many rocks. But that is no consolation.

All this fixing costs money, of course.

Latently the cistern started to hiccup. When you turned the lever it would go: "Whish-hup-whish-hup-whish-hup-hup-hup."

The same day my young son came down with measles. The plumber's bill for fixing the cistern was more than the doctor's for fixing the boy.

We have had all the usual troubles — the vacuum cleaner stopped sucking, the sprinkler stopped sprinkling, etc.

Once the sewing-machine started sewing madly all by itself in the middle of the night.

I woke up and thought an eccen-

tric burglar must be running up a pair of pyjamas for himself.

The sewing-machine fixer said: "Bless you, sir, this often happens." But it was frightening.

Our worst experience, I think, was the week the old refrigerator passed away.

Night after night my wife and I sat up beside it waiting for the crisis.

This came suddenly when it gave off a horrible gas that drove us out of the kitchen. We knew then that there was no hope.

In my opinion the Government should do something to lighten the burden of caring for sick gadgets. The bills should be deductible for income tax.

There is a strong case for extending medical benefits to cover repairs to toasters, fridges, etc.

After all, they are practically members of the family.

It doesn't seem right that it should cost more to have your washing-machine out of order than your wife.

LUCIFER AND SIMONETTA

A complete short story

By LYNN BRETTON

SIMONETTA placed two feet on the bedroom window-sill, looked out at the sunny Sunday morning, and saw the bee buzzing by, the bird on the bough, and the cat upon the old garden wall.

Janie Jennings, resting her chin upon Simonetta's topknot, looked beyond the garden wall and saw Johnny. Or at least certain appendages of Johnny. The soles of his size-nine shoes and the seat of his trousers (the patched ones). The rest of Johnny seemed to have become a permanent and integral part of Lucifer.

Lucifer had an elderly but well-preserved body wearing a coat of paint which had meant to be red but somehow turned out to be pink, and its name on the side in black letters. It had four wheels — five if you counted the steering wheel, and you couldn't really be sure which was that. It also had seats, a semi-outboard motor, a handle that wound it, two large brass lamps, and a horn. Up to now, only the horn worked. But you had to admit that Lucifer had personality — if that sort of thing appealed to you.

Janie sighed into Simonetta's left ear. On the day she had brought home Simonetta, Johnny had brought home Lucifer. And Lucifer was the devil.

Simonetta was an angel. Not too strong on pedigree points — if you worried about that sort of thing — but a hundred-per-cent poodle appeal.

She had counted on Simonetta's arrival being a wonderful surprise. For days before, she had gone around wearing a small secret smile and a you-don't-know-what-I-know expression. It had not occurred to her, until later, that about that time Johnny had been going around wearing the same secret smile and pretty much the same sort of expression.

She had carried Simonetta home one sunny afternoon and gone into the garden to find Johnny. "Hi, Johnny!" she had called. Johnny had emerged, feet first, from beneath the unbelievable contraption that was Lucifer. A Johnny who was one large smile and an oily mess.

He had run greasy fingers through his thatch of tawny hair, blinked the dust out of his eyes, and expanded his manly chest a good four inches.

"Well, what d'you think of it?" Johnny had asked.

"Of what?" She had hugged Simonetta to her bosom with a feeling akin to the outraged maternal pride of the mother whose baby passes unnoticed.

"Of my new car," Johnny had said.

"I wouldn't," she had countered in a flat little voice, "call it new. Or a car."

Johnny had looked like a pricked balloon for a moment. But his re-inflation was rapid.

"The new," Johnny said, "is merely relative. It's an almost vintage car. I was lucky to get it."

"I never saw a car with an outboard motor before. It's — silly."

"Lucifer," bragged Johnny, "isn't ashamed of showing what makes her tick."

"I always thought Lucifer was a he."

To page 51

Janie rested her chin on Simonetta's topknot and wondered how Johnny could prefer his precious car to her.

Elmelford





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(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

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Fourth long instalment of our thrilling serial

By Ngaio Marsh

AFTER the freighter *Cape Infanta* leaves London bound for South Africa, the strangled body of a girl is found on the wharf. Suspecting the *Flower* Murderer to be on board, Scotland Yard sends SUPERINTENDENT RODERICK ALLEYN to investigate. His late arrival by pilot cutter intrigues the passengers, but his identity is kept secret and CAPTAIN BANNERMAN introduces him as MR. BRODERICK, cousin of the chairman of the shipping company.

The *Flower* Murders are being talked about in the smoking-room, and, as PHILIP MERRYMAN recalls that white hyacinths were left on the body of the second victim, the steward brings in a large basket of these blooms to MRS. DILLINGTON-BLICK, who, already overburdened with floral gifts, gives them to DONALD McANGUS.

The night before the ship reaches Las Palmas Alleyn gives a dinner party, to bring all the passengers together. With the connivance of the captain, the subject of alibis is introduced. MR. MERRYMAN bets none of those present can produce an acceptable one for a given

date—say January 15, the night of the first *Flower* Murder. Youthful BRIGID CARMICHAEL, TIM MAKEPIECE, the ship's doctor, AUBYN DALE, a TV celebrity, KATHERINE ABBOTT, cannot give convincing alibis, nor can any of the other passengers. After the party FATHER CHARLES JOURDAIN tells Alleyn he has guessed his identity.

At Las Palmas Mr. McAngus makes the gift of a walkie-talkie doll to Mrs. Dillington-Blick, which she introduces as DONNA ESMERALDA on her return to the ship late at night. After considerable merrymaking passengers retire, except Alleyn and Father Jourdain. They are surprised by someone singing, and as they proceed along the deck the priest steps on the body of the doll. Its head is twisted; on its bosom is a litter of beads and a single crushed hyacinth.

Alleyn is now certain the *Flower* murderer is on board, and, after discussions with the captain, priest, and doctor, proceeds by undercover inquiry to get more information before taking action. NOW READ ON.

THE next day being Sunday, Father Jourdain, with the captain's permission, celebrated Holy Communion in the lounge at seven o'clock. The service was attended among the passengers by Miss Abbott, Brigid, Mr. McAngus, and, rather surprisingly, Mr. Merryman. The third officer, the wireless officer, two of the cadets, and Dennis represented the ship's complement. Alleyn, at the back of the room, listened, watched, and, not for the first time, felt his own lack of acceptance to be tinged with a faint regret.

When the service was over the little group of passengers went out on deck and presently were joined by Father Jourdain, wearing, as he had promised, his "decent black cassock." He looked remarkably handsome in it with the light breeze lifting his glossy hair. Miss Abbott, standing, characteristically, a little apart from the others, watched him, Alleyn noticed, with a look of stubborn deference. There was a Sunday-morning air about the scene. Even Mr. Merryman was quiet and thoughtful, while Mr. McAngus, who, with Miss Abbott, had carried out the details of Anglo-Catholic observance like an old hand, was quite giddy and uplifted.

He congratulated Brigid on her looks and did his little dance before her with his head on one side. Mr. McAngus' russet-brown hair had grown, of course, even longer at the back, and something unfortunate seemed to have happened round the brow and temples. But as he always wore his felt hat out-of-doors and quite often in the lounge, this was not particularly noticeable.

Brigid responded gaily to his blameless compliments and turned to Alleyn.

"I didn't expect to see you about so early," she said.

"And why not?"

"You were up late! Pacing round the deck. Wrapped in thought!" teased Brigid.

"That's all very fine," Alleyn rejoined. "But what, I might ask, were you up to yourself? From what angle of vantage did you keep all this observation?"

Brigid blushed. "Oh," she said with a great air of casualness, "I was sitting in the verandah along there. We didn't like to call out as you passed, you looked so solemn and absorbed." She turned an even brighter pink, glanced at the others who were gathered round Father Jourdain, and added quickly, "Tim Makepiece and I were talking about Elizabethan literature."

"You were not talking very loudly about it," Alleyn observed mildly.

"Well ——" Brigid looked into his face. "I'm not having a shipboard flirtation with Tim. At least — at least, I don't think I am."

"Not a flirtation?" Alleyn repeated and smiled at her.

"And not anything else. Oh, golly!" Brigid said impulsively. "I'm in such a muddle."

"Do you want to talk about your muddle?"

Brigid put her arm though his. "I've arrived at the age," Alleyn reflected, "when charming young ladies take my arm." They walked down the deck together.

"How long," Brigid asked, "have we been at sea? And, crickey," she added, "what an appropriate phrase that is!"

"Six days."

"There you are! Six days! The whole thing's ridiculous. How can anybody possibly know how they feel in six days? It's out of this world."

Alleyn remarked that he had known how he felt in one day. "Shorter even than that," he added. "At once."

"Really? And stuck to it?"

"Like a limpet. She took much longer, though."

"But —? Did you?"

"We are very happily married, thank you."

"How lovely," Brigid sighed.

"However," he added hurriedly, "don't let me raise a finger to urge you into an ill-considered undertaking."

"You don't have to tell me anything about that," she rejoined with feeling. "I've made that sort of ass of myself in quite a big way once already."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. The night we sailed should have been my wedding night, only he chucked me three days before. I've done a bolt from all the brouhaha, leaving my wretched parents to cope. Very poor show, as you don't need to tell me," said Brigid in a high uneven voice.

"I expect your parents were delighted to get rid of you. Much easier for them, I dare say, if you weren't about throwing vapors."

They had reached the end of the well-deck and stood looking aft near the little verandah. Brigid remarked indistinctly that going to church always made her feel rather light-headed and talkative, and she expected that was why she was being so communicative.


"Perhaps the warm weather has something to do with it as well," Alleyn suggested.

"I dare say. One always hears that people get very unguarded in the tropics. But actually you're to blame. I was saying to Tim the other night that if I was ever in a real jam I'd feel inclined to go bawling to you about it. He quite agreed. And here, fantastically, I am. Bawling away."

"I'm enormously flattered. Are you in a jam?"

"I suppose not, really. I just need to keep my eye. And see that he keeps his. Because whatever you say, I don't see how he can possibly know in six days."

Alleyn said that people saw more of each other in six days at sea than they did in as many weeks ashore, but, he was careful to add, in rather less realistic circumstances. Brigid agreed. There was no doubt, she announced owlishly, that strange things happened to one at sea. Look at her, for instance, she said with enchanting egoism. She was getting all sorts of



Brigid felt her chain of pearls twist and break, as the unknown hands moved round her neck.

the rummiest notions into her head. After a little hesitation and very much with the air of a child that screws itself up to confiding a groundless fear, Brigid said rapidly, "I even started thinking the Flower Murderer was on board. Imagine!"

Among the various items of Alleyn's training as an investigating officer, the trick of wearing an impassive face in the teeth of unexpected information was not the least useful. It stood him in good stead now.

"I wonder," he said, "what in the world could have put that idea in your head?"

Brigid repeated the explanation she had already given Tim yesterday afternoon. "Of course," she said, "he thought it as dotty as you do and so did the F.N.C."

"Who," Alleyn asked, "is the F.N.C.?"

"It's our name for Dale. It stands for Frightfully Nice Chap, only we don't mean it frightfully nicely, I'm afraid."

"Nevertheless, you confided your fantasy to him, did you?"

"He overheard me. We were 'squatting' on his and the D-B's lush chairs and he came round the corner with cushions and went all avuncular."

"And now you've brought this bugaboo out into the light of day it's evaporated?"

Brigid swung her foot and kicked an infinitesimal object into the scuppers. "Not altogether," she muttered.

"No?"

"Well, it has, really. Only last night, after I'd gone to bed, something happened. I don't suppose it was anything much, but it got me a bit steamed up again. My cabin's on the left-hand side of the block. The porthole faces my bed. Well, you know that blissful moment when you're not sure whether you're awake or asleep but kind of floating? I'd got to that stage. My eyes were shut and I was all airborne and drifting. Then with a jerk I was wide awake and staring at that porthole." Brigid swallowed hard.

"It was moonlight outside. Before I'd shut my eyes I'd seen the moon, looking in and then swinging out of sight and leaving a procession of stars and then swinging back. Lovely! Well, when I opened my eyes and looked at the porthole—somebody outside was looking in at me."

Alleyn waited for a moment and then said, "You're quite sure, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. There he was blotting out the stars and the moon and filling up my porthole with his head."

"Do you know who it was?"

"I haven't a notion. Somebody in a hat, but I could only see the outline. And it was only for a second. I called out—it was not a startlingly original remark—"Hullo! Who's there?" and at once it—went down. I mean it sank in a flash."

"He must have ducked and then bolted. The moon came whooping back and there was I, all of a dither and thinking 'Suppose the Flower Murderer is on board and suppose after

everyone else has gone to bed he prowls and prowls around like the hosts of Midian—or is it Gideon?—in that blissful hymn? So you see I haven't quite got over my nonsense, have I?"

"Have you told Makepiece about this?"

"I haven't seen him. He doesn't go to church."

"No, of course you haven't. Perhaps," Alleyn said, "it was Aubyn Dale being pucky."

"I must say I never thought of that. Could he hit quite such an all-time low for unfunniness, do you suppose?"

"I could have expected him to follow it up with a dummy spider on your pillow. You do lock your door at night, don't you? And in the daytime?"

"Yes. There was that warning about things having been pinched. Oh, heavens!" Brigid ejaculated. "Do you suppose that's who it was? The petty larcener? Why on earth didn't I remember before! Hoping he could fish something out through the porthole, would you think?"

"It wouldn't be the first time," Alleyn said.

The warning gong for breakfast began to tinkle. Brigid remarked cheerfully, "Well, that's that, anyway."

Alleyn waited for a moment and then said, "Look. In view of what you've just told me I'd keep your curtains over your port at night. And as there evidently is a non-too-desirable character in the ship's complement I don't think, if I were you, I'd go out walking after dark by yourself. He might come along and make a bit of a nuisance of himself."

Brigid said, "O.K., but what a bore. And, by the way, you'd better hand on that piece of advice to Mrs. D-B. She's the one to go out walking—or dancing, rather—by the light of the moon." Brigid smiled reminiscently. "I do think she's marvellous," she said. "All that joie de vivre at her age. Superb."

Alleyn found time to wonder how much Mrs. Dillington-Blick would relish this tribute and also how many surprises Brigid was liable to spring on him at one sitting.

He said, "Does she dance by the light of the moon? Who with?"

"By herself."

"You don't tell me she goes all pixy-wixy on the boat-deck? Carrying that weight?"

"On the other deck, the bottom one, nearer the sharp end. I've seen her. The weight doesn't seem to matter."

"Do explain yourself."

"Well, I'm afraid you're in for another night-piece—in point of fact the night before last. It was awfully hot; Tim and I had sat up rather late, not, I'd have you know again, for amorous dalliance but for a long muddled argument. And when I went to my cabin it was stuffy and I knew I wouldn't sleep for thinking about the argument. So I went along to the windows that look down on the lower deck—it's called the for'ard well-deck, isn't it?—and wondered if I could be

bothered climbing down and then along and up to the bows where I rather like to go. And while I was wondering and looking down into the for'ard well-deck, which was full of black shadows, a door opened underneath me and a square patch of light was thrown across the deck."

Brigid's face, vivid and gay with the anticipation of her narrative, clouded a little.

"In point of fact," she said, "for a second or two it was a trifle grisly. You see, a shadow appeared on the lighted square. And—well—it was exactly as if the doll Esmeralda had come to life. Mantilla, fan, wide lace skirt. Everything. I dare say it contributed to my 'thing' about the Flower Murders. Anyway, it gave me quite a jolt."

"It would," Alleyn agreed. "What next?"

"Well, somebody shut the door and the light patch vanished. And I knew, of course, who it was. There she stood, all by herself. I was looking down on her head. And then it happened. The moon was up and just at that moment it got high enough to shine into the deck. All those lumps of covered machinery cast their inky-black shadows, but there were patches of moonshine and it was exciting to see. She ran out and flitted her fan and did little pirouettes and curtsies and even two or three of those sliding backsteps they do with castanets in 'The Gondoliers.' I think she was holding her mantilla across her face. It was the strangest sight."

"Very rum, indeed. You're sure it was the D-B?"

"But, of course. Who else? And, do you know, I found it rather touching. Don't you agree? She only stayed for a few moments and then ran back. The door opened and her shadow flashed across the patch of light. I heard men's voices, laughing, and then it was all blanked out. But wasn't it gay and surprising of Mrs. Dillington-Blick? Aren't you astonished?" asked Brigid.

"Flabbergasted. Although one does hear, of course, of elephant dances in the seclusion of the jungle."

Brigid said indignantly, "She's as light as a feather on her pins. Fat people are, you know. They dance like fairies. Still, perhaps you'd better warn her not to on account of the petty larcener. Only please don't say I told you about her moonlight party. In a funny sort of way I felt like an interloper."

"I won't," he promised. "And in the meantime don't take any solitary walks yourself. Tell Makepiece about it and see if he doesn't agree with me."

"Oh," Brigid assured him. "He'll agree all right." And a dimple appeared near the corner of her mouth.

The group round Father Jourdain had moved nearer. Mr. McAngus called out, "Breakfast!" and Brigid said, "Coming!" She joined them, turned, crinkled her eyes at Alleyn, and called out, "You have been nice. Thank you—Allan."

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SUN ON THE CYPRESSES

*They came, they saw,
they were conquered,
they were a pair of
innocents in Paradise.*

THOUGH the large and expensive cars whizzed past on their way to the Cote D'Azur, Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey preferred to drive at a more conservative speed, for their aim, as they said, apart from a holiday in the sun, was to see on their way the French and the real France.

A piece of extraordinarily real France presented itself to Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey when they stopped for lunch at a charming small restaurant called Le Lapin Bleu.

They had made a detour from the main road shortly before two o'clock, for everyone knew that on main roads one found only Hotels Grande-Splendides, where food was so much the same the world over.

Le Lapin Bleu stood a little back from the small road; it basked in the sun. As Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey left their car and approached the door, Mrs. Mabrey remarked on the heavenliness of the landscape—the brick-colored fields, the dusty grey-green of the olive groves, the deep black-green of the spear of cypresses.

Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey made their way in through the open doorway. Without the sun blazed; within was dark and cool. Highly polished bronze cooking-pans decorated the foyer, the tables in the dining-room beyond were covered with spotless napery, the knives were black-handled, the mantelshelf was wreathed, under glass, with a truly remarkable bouquet of stuffed birds and dried grasses and flowers.

"It is perfect!" breathed Mrs. Mabrey. "True Provincial France!"

As Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey stood absorbing the atmosphere, the last of the eaters passed them on their way out, and a small, fat, fresh-faced, smiling man approached from what they supposed to be the kitchen.

"Monsieur Pinot, at your service," said the small fat man, beaming.

He led them into the dining-room and sat them down at a corner table.

Mr. Mabrey told him that they wished for a simple meal. They regretted it was so late, but they hoped, perhaps—

It was never too late, Monsieur Pinot informed them, for food at Le Lapin Bleu. It was never at any hour too late for food as far as he was concerned; he being a devotee to the haute cuisine, cooking was his art.

Mrs. Mabrey rattled her charm-bracelet appreciatively, looked at Monsieur through her eyelashes, and asked, then, what he would suggest that they might eat?

Monsieur Pinot cogitated for a moment. The speciality of the house, he said, was a delicate scallop of veal cooked with mushrooms in cream and wine—but, of course, that took some little time to prepare. Snails, perhaps, or a soufflé light as love—

Mrs. Mabrey continued to gaze at Monsieur Pinot, quite carried away by his eloquence; but Mr. Mabrey cleared his throat and observed that as they hoped to get to St. Tropez not too late in the afternoon, unadventurous as this seemed, they feared that they must, after all, perhaps, settle for filet mignon.

Monsieur Pinot regretted, but perfectly understood—perhaps on their journey home Monsieur and Madame would honor him with their presence again, having first informed him ahead of the hour of their visit, when he would prepare a poem of a meal.

Mrs. Mabrey smiled delightfully, regretted that they must unfortunately return home by another route, but wished with all her heart that this might have been so.

Monsieur Pinot therefore retired to the kitchen, from which floated delectable sounds of vegetables being chopped and of sizzling fat.

"I am hungry—we've left lunch late!" said Mr. Mabrey.

At this moment there appeared in the doorway of the dining-room a small, slight woman, entirely dressed in black, but smiling as happily as had her husband—for this was Madame Pinot.

Madame Pinot wished them good-day and bon appetit, started to polish various wine-glasses that stood on a server near the door, but

eventually stopped with a sigh to gaze up at a painting which hung on the opposite wall.

Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey also looked up at the painting. It was a bold and incisive piece of work, glowing richly with color, a landscape very much like the one that the Mabreys had admired in actuality not a quarter of an hour ago.

"Complete Provence!" exclaimed Mrs. Mabrey.

"Indeed!" Madame Pinot replied, turning back to smile at her. "You are right! We have called it 'Sun on the Cypresses.'"

Mrs. Mabrey got up to take a closer and more professional-looking look.

"But it is still wet!" she cried.

"Just so!" agreed Madame Pinot.

Madame Pinot approached, stood at Mrs. Mabrey's side, and made small sounds of pleasure and admiration.

Was it not, and indeed, impressive? she inquired. She herself, having been so many years married to an artist of the kitchen, knew at once the true touch of the artist in any other line.

"Who is the artist?" said Mrs. Mabrey. The name of the artist, it appeared was Jean Benoit. "He left us only today," Madame Pinot said. "Unfortunately, he could not settle his bill. He left us 'Sun on the Cypresses' in lieu of payment."

"You mean to say," Mr. Mabrey inquired, "that the fellow came here and ate your food and all the time knew he could not pay?"

At this moment Monsieur Pinot arrived at the door with a silver salver bearing the filet mignon and at least one speciality of the house, his creamed spinach.

"Ah!" said Monsieur Pinot without rancor, "that is the way with painters, they paint and they have to eat. If they cannot pay, then they do not think—in our country we are indeed well used to such displays of artistic temperament."

Mr. Mabrey, attacking his steak with appetite and ferocity, remarked that this did not alter the fact that the chap was a bounder.

Monsieur Pinot, however, was philosophical. "Who knows," he said, "that in future—one fine day—this exquisite landscape, 'Sun on the Cypresses,' may not be many times, many thousand times the worth of the few francs he owed me?"

Glances were exchanged between Mrs. Mabrey and her husband. Monsieur and Madame Pinot were now both standing beneath the landscape, considering it with absorption. Mrs. Mabrey leaned towards her husband and whispered to him.

It had occurred to her that "Sun on the Cypresses," in a broad white frame, perhaps picked out with sharp lime-green, would perfectly set off her lately repapered drawing-room. "It will just give a lift," she said, "to that one grey wall!"

It had also occurred to her that "Sun on the Cypresses" would considerably impress those friends who had no more remarkable mementoes of their holidays to display than mere snapshots.

Mr. Mabrey, however, rather more concerned with long-term investment than short-term prestige, did not rush.

"A most excellent steak!" he observed to Monsieur Pinot. "I've rarely tasted a better—"

Monsieur Pinot turned round, beaming, and bowed slightly. He at once launched into a long discussion of food.

"I dislike very much to think," began Mr. Mabrey, when Monsieur Pinot had finally stopped for breath, "of an honest innkeeper being cheated in this way."

Monsieur Pinot turned round to glance at the landscape, then turned back to assure Mr. Mabrey that this was not how he and Madame Pinot felt. Though, of course, things were difficult this year, with the rising cost of living, the high price of food, they just managed to exist, and themselves liked to think that, in their little way, they had helped to nurture an artist.

Mr. Mabrey stuck to his guns. "I should like to buy it from you,"

he said. "And perhaps suggest some figure approaching the total of his bill."

Monsieur Pinot, after some sidling round the mulberry bush, mentioned a sum that caused Mr. Mabrey to sit stock still with the final morsel of meat impaled on its fork halfway to his mouth.

Naturally, he said, with the hundred-pound allowance, the British tourist was better off than had lately been the case, still . . . Monsieur Pinot did not wish in any way to embarrass his valued clients. He did not in fact himself so much wish to sell as wish to think of the Mabreys, taking "Sun on the Cypresses" into their home, where, perhaps, when they looked at it, they would sometimes think of the filet mignon at Monsieur Pinot's.

Finally the deal was completed to the satisfaction of both sides; Monsieur Pinot produced a piece of excellent Camembert cheese, Madame brought coffee, the bill for the meal and the picture was paid, Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey made their way to the car, Madame Pinot preceding them, Monsieur Pinot following in their wake, bearing reverently at arm's length their "Sun on the Cypresses."

Monsieur and Madame Pinot waved them off from the gate. It was very hot. Monsieur Pinot mopped his brow. "I think," he said to his wife, "that I'll take a little stroll . . ."

"Do," said Madame Pinot.

Monsieur Pinot strolled through the village, turned left past the market place, crossed a field, and advanced towards a tumble-down wooden shack. On a makeshift couch-bed lay a small dark man asleep, still wearing his navy-blue beret.

"Rouse yourself, rouse yourself!" said Monsieur Pinot briskly. He placed three thousand-franc notes on a packing-case by the bed, at which the small dark man at once woke and started to yawn and stretch himself. "That arranges things to date!" Monsieur Pinot said. "You have three, four hours before the dinner rush starts; get to work now and paint me another 'Sun on the Cypresses.'"

A short short story by LYN ARNOLD

(Copyright)

"I'll never leave him"

A romantic Australian story by **BETH DUTTON**

PENELOPE BLAINE had barely met the young American newspaperman when he asked her first name. "Mine's Mike," he added. "Though the by-line says Michael."

She smiled. "If I had a by-line it would say Penelope."

"And I bet you're never called anything but Penny!"

"Yes, I am. My brother has the idea he likes me twice as much as anyone else does, so—"

"He calls you Two Pennies?"

"Yes, but in Australia we say Tuppence."

"Sure. On the same theory, may I call you Fourpence?"

"No!" she laughed. "Piling up profits like that!"

He laughed, too, and Penny liked the way he did it. She liked everything about this Michael Breckenridge, who was passing through Sydney on his way home to New York after a special assignment.

"I'm looking forward to reading your articles," she said. "Was it hard work getting the material?"

"Not too hard. I had a good time. I always do." He looked appreciatively at her, then around the drawing-room. "Nice," he said. "Flowers everywhere. And just a few people, so there's a chance to really talk."

"Which is unusual in Aunt Gwen's house! She generally has a mob in at this hour. If you like flowers, you should see her garden."

"All right." He stood up with that swiftness which was the first thing Penny had noticed about him.

They stepped through the french windows into air that was sweet with the scent of frangipani blossoms. "Spring's so lovely!" she said.

"Spring in October! I can't get used to it. Just look at all these flowers! In my part of the world, people with gardens are sweeping up leaves now."

From where they stood at the tip of Darling Point, the harbor stretched away into the glow of the sun setting behind the great steel bridge in the distance. Here and there, fingers of water dug into the land, and around these bays red roofs showed among the green foliage. The ferry boats gliding busily about took on the same opalescent glint that the soft light threw over the naval vessels riding at anchor off Farm Cove.

"My gosh!" Mike said.

"Thank you! We're rather proud of our harbor."

The American smiled at the understatement, then sobered. "You know, Penny, I was flying back to the States right away, but I have a week's holiday coming to me and I could stay on for a while — if you let me see you again."

"I'm going home tomorrow. I'm sorry."

"You don't live in Sydney?"

"No. On a sheep station. My brother runs the place."

"The one who calls you Tuppence?"

"I have only one. He's my half-brother. Twenty years older than I am."

"I take it you like him a lot."

Penny nodded.

"What a guy he must be! Having a sister go luminous over him."

"There's absolutely no one like Bruce. Perhaps we'd better go back now. That seems to be the last of the sunset."

They started walking towards the house, and Mike said, "Can't I persuade you to stay longer in town?"

"It's impossible. Really. The business I came to do for Bruce is finished and I must hurry back."

"Supposing you got married, what would he do then?"

She looked surprised, but said matter-of-factly, "I wouldn't get married. I'll never leave him all alone. He's — crippled. That

awful fighting in New Guinea when the Japs — she flung out her hands as if to ward off the picture. Then suddenly she stood still, there in the garden, with darkness gathering and the fragrance of the frangipani almost a tangible thing around them. "But here am I talking to you as if I'd known you forever!"

Mike's eyes went over her face in a long look before he said, "Have you ever had a boy-friend, Penny?"

She shook her head.

"Another question. Do you ever invite brazen Americans to your station?"

She blinked, and Mike went on quickly, "I have to work fast, or I'll lose sight of you."

Penny smiled. "I'm only hesitating because we don't have many guests. There's not much time to be social with all the work there is to do. But if you'd like to come on that basis, certainly you are invited."

"Suits me. I can work. And let me say I don't generally go around inviting myself here and there."

"No?" she teased. "Why not?"

"That's the wrong question. The right one is why did I this time?"

"I don't have to ask why. I know. You want to meet Bruce."

"I do not! I mean, of course I do. But—"

They laughed. Then he took her arm. "Let's go in," he said, "before I get more confused."

The following day, on the train, he glanced at the map in his hands. "It says here 'Blue Mountains,' but imagine their actually being blue!"

"Australia has a lot of astonishing things," Penny said.

"It certainly has! Blue valley for miles, then blue ridges as far as you can see—yet it's all green trees! Or maybe it's nonsense."

"No, it's atmosphere."

He returned her smile. Then, somehow managing to be energetic even sitting still, he said, "I'm in a hurry to see your station."

"You'll like it — I think."

"You're crazy about it, aren't you? There you go! Your face all lighted up again! That's the way I feel about New York. I lived on Manhattan and from my windows I see the midtown skyline."

"You live in sight of that! Oh, do tell me about it."

So he talked New York and his job there till they began to feel hungry and Penny got out the lunch they had brought with them.

Penny realised she was listening to the groundwork of good reporting and was almost sorry when Mike leaned back to give his attention to the countryside.

The bush streamed by the train window. Mile on mile of the land she loved. Her companion was storing up impressions of that, too, she could see.

"I suppose it'll be dark when we reach Oparina," he said. "Is that an aboriginal name?"

"Yes. It means Place of the Gumtrees. Let's talk more about New York. Can you see the Empire State Building from your windows?"

"So you've heard of our Empire State way out here! Sure, I can see it."

Penny's "Oh-h!" was almost reverent. "If I thought I'd see that some day!"

"You will."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm going to show it to you myself. You'll be living in New York."

Penny's expression said that was too silly to even smile at, and Mike, looking at her out of the corner of his eye, discreetly dropped the Empire State.

At seven o'clock next morning, Mike, in slacks and sports shirt, was sitting on the verandah rail at Oparina. His glance lingered on the attractively haphazard garden with

its beds spilling over with flowers, then went beyond, to the brown country that rolled away to a horizon edged with gumtrees.

"Good morning!"

Mike sprang off the railing and went up to the man who stood in the doorway. "Morning, sir!"

"Oh, now! cut out the 'sir.' My name's Bruce, you know."

"Thanks." Mike's smile came quickly and it stayed as he got his first daylight impression of this brother of Penny's.

He looked younger than he had the night before, perhaps because the stiffened, dragging leg and the artificial foot seemed not quite so poignant with the sun shining. He was slight, with greying sandy hair and a keen face. It had the same compactness Penny's had, and his eyes the same forthright look.

Dexterously managing the crutch, Bruce eased himself into a chair and looked up at his guest. "This your introduction to a sheep station?"

"Yes. But there don't seem to be any sheep."

"They're out there," Bruce waved towards the paddocks. "About seven thousand of them, and three thousand lambs a few weeks old."

"Seems a heck of a lot to a city lad. How big is the station?"

"Eighteen thousand acres."

"However do you keep track of the sheep on all that land?"

"Still asking questions!" laughed Penny, coming out to the verandah.

"Hallo, there!" Mike greeted her.

"Hallo! Like the bush?"

"I'll say I like it! How do you keep track of the sheep?"

"I don't!" Penny turned to her brother. "You tell him, Bruce." She knew nothing gave him more pleasure than a chance to tell how a sheep station operates, and she sat on the railing beside Mike, listening as carefully as he did.

"Could I do some shearing?" he asked, as Bruce finished.

"Shearing's over. That's why Penny was in Sydney — to see the woolbrokers. But she can show you how we do it."

She slid off the rail. "There's time for a quick look before breakfast."

When they had seen the woolshed and the yards and dip, she said, "Let's go to Wearyfoot Paddock and look at some of the lambs."

"Wearyfoot is a cute name."

"Isn't it! Sheep mustered from the distant paddocks are tired when they reach here, so — Wearyfoot. Here we are. See how the new white wool is beginning to darken?" She pointed over the wire fence to the ewes that plodded hastily away to a safe distance, their lambs scampering after them.

Mike laughed at the ungainly little creatures, then his eyes wandered off over the paddock. Out of sight it stretched, acre on acre of that cleared ground that didn't look as rich as it must be, with an occasional gumtree left standing for what small amount of shade it gave.

All so still. So quiet. There was a timelessness about it, and Mike found it hard to withdraw himself.

"It has something . . ." his voice trailed away.

"Yes," Penny said softly. Then she glanced at her watch. "Kate hates us to be late for meals. She's been here since Bruce was a baby and we love her."

The days were filled with work, as Penny had said they would be. There was time for some tennis, though, and, one afternoon, she and Mike had a picnic in a gully not far away, when he was initiated into the making of billy-tea.

In the evenings after dinner, they talked, sitting on the steps, with Bruce in his chair on the verandah. When the three of them

had pulled the world to shreds and put it together again, Penny and Mike would go for a walk, the moonlight dappling them through the trees, and the mournful cry of the curlews sounding far off.

"The time is going too fast," Mike kept complaining.

The day before he was to leave, Penny and he were out boundary-riding. They dismounted for a rest, dropping the reins and letting their horses graze.

The sun blazed down on the bush that reached endlessly into the distance, the gaunt, yet graceful gums looking like trees in paintings against the hard blue sky. No air moved, and there was utter silence except for an occasional crackle of heat in the brown grass.

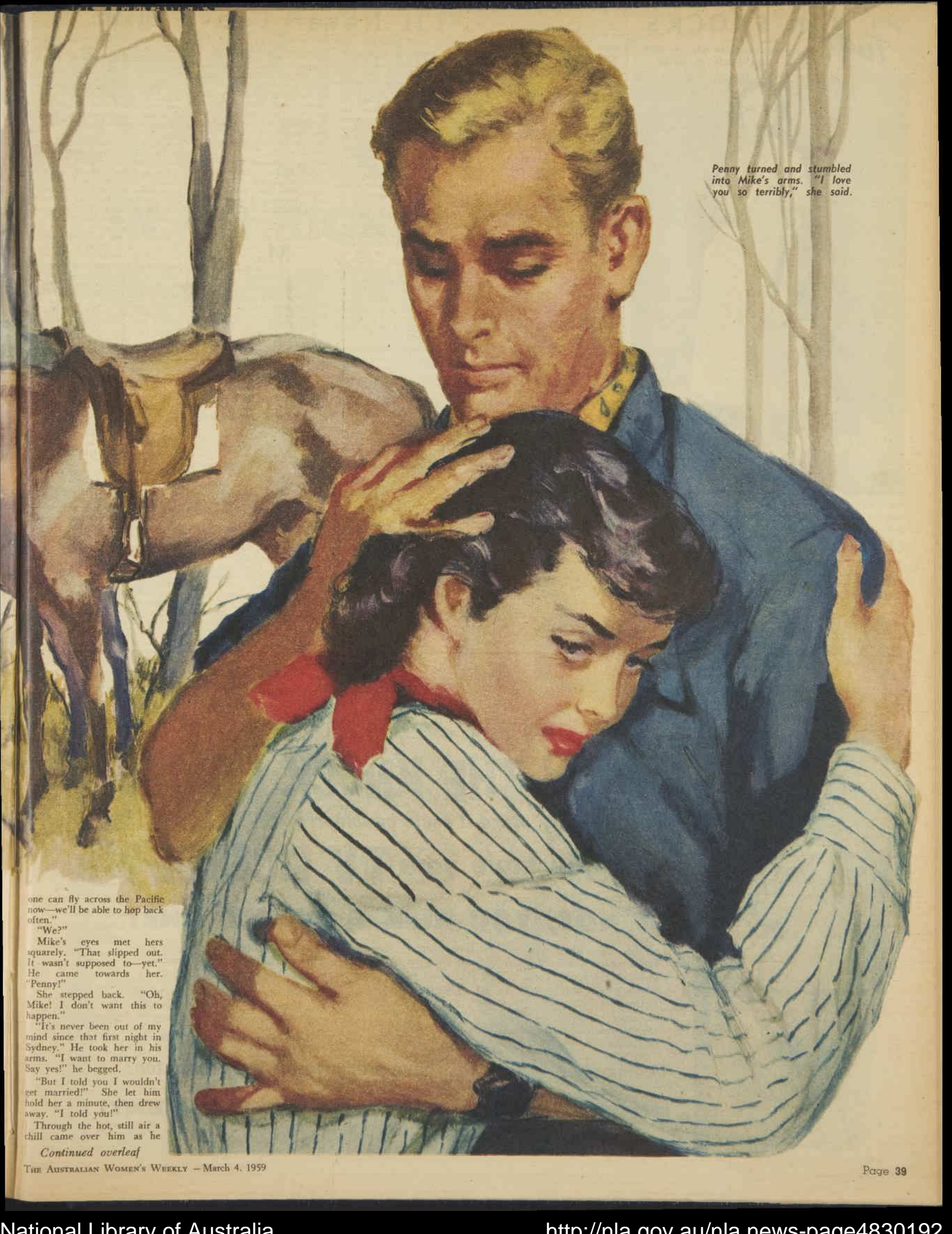
Mike held up his hand. "Listen! The quietness! I'm falling under the spell of this land of yours."

"Watch out! Once you really fall, it's got you for good."

"By golly, it's got me. Thank goodness,

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA ROBERTSON





Penny turned and stumbled into Mike's arms. "I love you so terribly," she said.

one can fly across the Pacific now—we'll be able to hop back often."

"We?"

Mike's eyes met hers squarely. "That slipped out. It wasn't supposed to—yet." He came towards her. "Penny!"

She stepped back. "Oh, Mike! I don't want this to happen."

"It's never been out of my mind since that first night in Sydney." He took her in his arms. "I want to marry you. Say yes!" he begged.

"But I told you I wouldn't get married!" She let him hold her a minute, then drew away. "I told you!"

Through the hot, still air a chill came over him as he

Continued overleaf

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continuing . . . "I'll Never Leave Him

from page 39

stared down at her. "But that was before we both cared like this! Or—don't you?"

She didn't answer at once. Then, "I'm not getting married," she said briefly, and reached for her reins. "I'm sorry."

Mike shot out, "Penny, wait!"

She turned, and his words fell fast. "I'm not forgetting you said you wouldn't leave Bruce, but, when it comes to the point, no one carries a sense of duty that far!"

They faced each other, and suddenly there was no endless bush, no glaring sunshine, no crackle of heat, no crunching as the horses grazed—there was just Mike's tense face and Penny's voice saying tightly, "Maybe you should be told more about it."

"Let's get out of the sun, then."

They sat in the scanty shade of a tall, gnarled gum close by.

Penny shook her head to the cigarette that was silently offered, then took a deep breath. "I'll have to go back to early 1939, when my mother died. Dad was so bowled over at losing her that he was going to let Aunt Gwen take me. She would have bundled me right off to Sydney if it hadn't been for Bruce. I was only seven, but he knew I had the bush in my bones and said there was no reason, with Kate here, why I shouldn't stay where I belonged. Aunt Gwen stormed, the way she does, but Bruce saw to it that I stayed. And nothing I can ever do will repay him."

"A few months later war came and he went into the Army. Dad stocked very heavily, with the extra need for wool, and he had to work so hard that in a couple of years he collapsed. He died before Bruce came home. By then everything was in a mess, though Derwent—Kate's husband, you know—had done his best to carry on. But Bruce took hold and got the place on its feet, even if he couldn't get on his."

"There's a guy for you!" Mike said gruffly. "What about

Aunt Gwen? Between your father's death and Bruce's return?"

"Oh! Aunt Gwen. By that time I knew how to be useful and there were no men available, so even a ten-year-old girl could help. Aunt Gwen has shares in the station, so it was all right with her. Anyway, she was absorbed in war work and didn't want me around. You'd think Bruce wouldn't have wanted to be bothered, either, but he helped me with my lessons from the correspondence school and gave me a wonderful time."

"When I was fourteen we decided I'd better go to boarding-school for a couple of years. And this is where Kathie Randolph comes in—not that she hadn't always been part of our lives. She lived on the next station, she was the prettiest, most popular girl in the district, ten years younger than Bruce, who had never been in love with anyone else, and she threw him over because he couldn't ride any more."

Mike frowned incredulously. "It's true. She was one of the best horsewomen in Australia—never entered a show that she didn't win every blue ribbon—and she couldn't face being married to a man who'd never again get on a horse. She strung him along till after the war, then went on a visit to

England. When I came home for my first Easter holidays, Bruce told me she wasn't coming back, that she was marrying someone over there. Just the bare fact, no comment. There didn't need to be any—his face was enough. I was so scared for him I wouldn't go back to school."

After a moment she went on: "I see Kathie's picture in the society magazines. While Bruce—oh, Mike, don't you see? It's not a question of duty! How could I pack up my own happiness, wave goodbye, and just walk out on him?"

MIKE covered his cigarette stub with earth, then folded his arms across his knees and stared ahead.

Penny looked pleadingly at him. "Aren't you going to say something?"

He kept his eyes away from her. "What is there to say? Except that you're putting Bruce in a hell of a spot. If he knew—"

Penny stiffened. "He must never know! And if you tell him—"

Mike looked at her then. "Don't worry; I won't." He stood up, hands in pockets, face remote.

Penny's eyes fell. "This is your last day. We were supposed to be happy."

"Sure." He kicked a stone. "I don't get this idea. I don't get it at all. But what you say has to go, I suppose."

Penny stood up, opened her mouth to speak, then started towards her horse.

"What, Pen? What were you going to say?"

She turned and stumbled into his arms. "I don't know—I don't know! I love you so terribly, Mike! It's dreadful to do this to you."

"As long as I know you care I can wait."

"No!" She pulled away from him, taking refuge in abruptness. "It's no use!"

She ran to her horse, jerked

the reins over its head, and was astride in a flash. "We haven't nearly finished the fences."

A few weeks later she walked into the small building that was post office and telephone exchange combined, in the township twelve miles from Oparina.

The postmistress greeted her cosily, adding, "No letter from your American friend."

For an instant Penny didn't answer, then, grabbing what mail there was, she turned to go. "It could be," she threw over her shoulder, "that a busy reporter has other things to do than write to me."

Her tone was so frigid that it startled her nearly as much as it did the postmistress. Penny stopped in her tracks and managed to produce a mollifying smile. "It really could, you know! How's Christopher, Mrs. Jones?"

Not that she cared how Christopher was. Not that she cared about anything, she told herself as she got in the car. Of course there was no letter from Mike! Hadn't she begged him not to write, except for his bread-and-butter letter?

The sun beat starkly down, but Penny only vaguely realised how hot it was. These days there was room in her mind for but one thing—Mike. And that hurt enough, without having someone such as Kate or Mrs. Jones forever lying in wait to make it worse.

If people would only drop the subject. Mike was back in New York, turned down as thoroughly as any man ever was! She drove past the railway station that was little more than a shed, with the inevitable corrugated-iron roof, to the siding where some of the Oparina sheep would be loaded in a couple of days.

Bruce was there. "Ready?" she called as he came towards her, walking with extra deliberation on the gravel.

They left the township and turned into a narrow, bumpy

To page 45



WHEN THE KNOCK COMES

(and it could be tomorrow)

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. . . because there's
extra cleaning action in
Rinso's richer, softer
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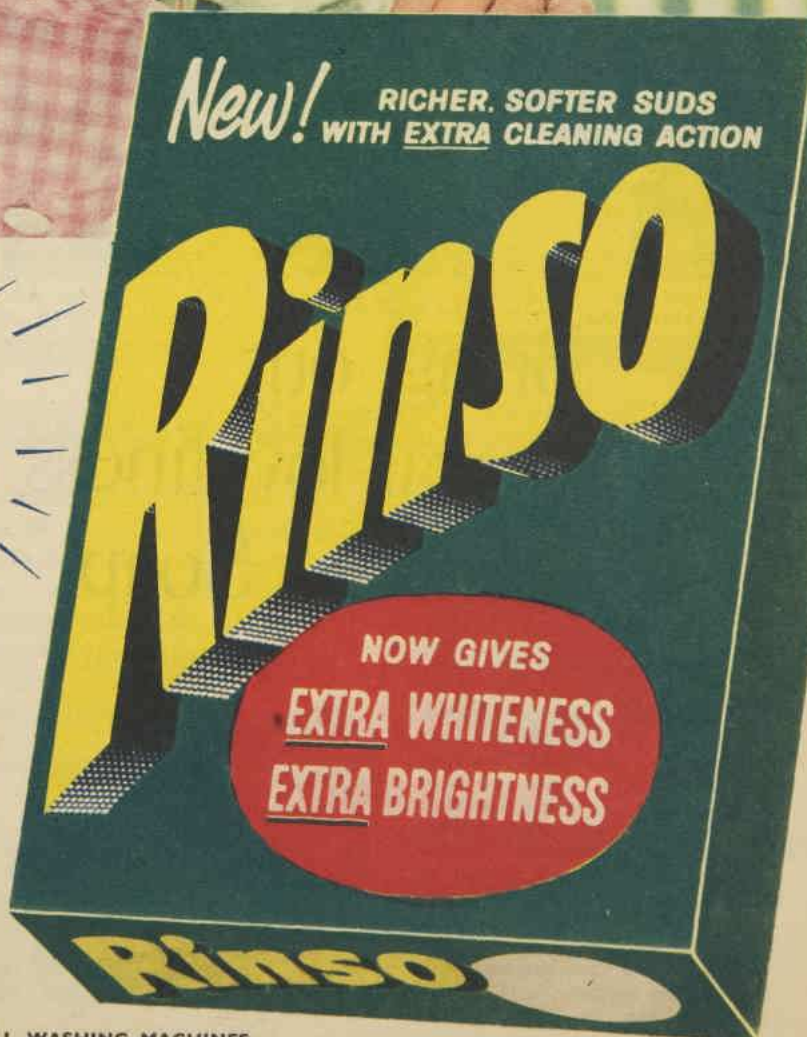
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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"MY boy-friend and I believe we are really in love, but are only 17 and 18 years of age. The general public seems to make so much of foolish young teenagers thinking they are in love, saying they can't really be, because they are undeveloped mentally and emotionally. Do you, too, believe in this theory, or do you believe it is possible to know before you are accepted as an adult? Is physical attraction the counterfeet of true love? We are not attracted to each other physically, for neither of us is particularly good-looking."

"Mere Adolescents," N.S.W.

I believe people of 17 and 18 can be really in love. But I think people of this age who can recognise real love are extremely rare. I don't really think you two are among these few people. You cannot be really in love if neither of you is attracted to the other physically. Physical attraction is part of real love. And you don't have to be good-looking, either, to feel a physical attraction for some one or to awaken one yourself. It's one of those chemical things that happen no matter how you look. And do try to get rid of the idea that physical attraction is the counterfeet of anything—it's an essential part of real love between a man and a woman.

I'd just go on the way you are with your boy-friend; don't worry about whether your emotions are the kind that last forever and a day — enjoy each other's company and don't complicate your enjoyment by analysing how you feel.

"I AM a very worried 16-year-old and have a problem and I wonder if you could help me. There is a boy who is 19 years and I like him very much, but he is married and has a family. His wife went away for a long weekend and he took me out and I'm very certain he likes me. He asked me to go to a dance with him. Should I or should I not?"

"Wondering," S.A.

No. You should not even consider going out with a married man. It is wrong and completely unprincipled. How would you like it if the man you had married took someone out the moment you let him out of your sight? What would you think of the girl who accepted his invitations?

You put yourself in his class when you go out with him—and a married man who issues tempting invitations to girls of 16 is in a class you don't belong to.

"I AM nearly 16 and have been going with a boy for nearly two years. We have been going to pictures and dances, etc., with our friends, who are girls and boys our own age, and my parents never objected. Last night my boy-friend said, now that you are nearly a woman and I am a man, I think we should go out together by ourselves. I told him that Mother might not like that idea and he said if she didn't I could go out with one of the boys in the 'child group.' He is 18, two years older than all of our group. Do you think he is right or wrong?"

"Anxious," N.S.W.

I think he is wrong. At your age, nearly 16, I think group outings are the only permissible ones. He just has to decide whether he values your friendship enough to wait round

till you are old enough to go out with him alone. You seem to be quite happy with the situation as it is. I'd stick to group outings at present.

"I AM 15 years old and have been going with a boy for one year. He is going to America for a trip and will be gone a few months. What I want to know is whether I should go out with other boys or not while he is away. I don't want to offend him in any way because I like him very much. Please try to help me."

R.D., S.A.

I think you should go out with other boys while he is away. Going out with a number of different boys is part of the growing-up process. It makes you more interesting and nicer because you learn to deal with differing personalities, enjoy outings under different circumstances, and it broadens your ideas. The ideas of other people are always interesting and help to make your mind more lively.

If you don't go out with other people while he's away, your boy-friend, back from a trip where he's met hundreds of different people and seen so many fascinating things, will think you are a dull little old mouse. Get out and about while he's away.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

THERE comes a time when many collectors of orchestral music suddenly find that the old familiar symphonies begin to pall temporarily, so they look around for something fresh to invigorate their collections.

One such symphony is now available on a new recording (PMAO.7004) and it's well worth giving it a spin. This is the Symphony in C Major, by, surprisingly enough, our old friend Bizet, usually associated with "Carmen" and little else.

His first, and last, symphony was written when he was only seventeen and still a student. The models he used were the big boys — Haydn and Mozart—but he was sufficiently developed as a musician to make full use of his own wonderful gift for melodies. The result is thoroughly tuneful and the slow movement is quite lovely.

BIZET'S manuscript lay forgotten for some eighty years after it was written, but that was music's loss, as the famous conductor Felix Weingartner recognised when it was brought before his notice. The work had its belated first performance in 1933. Since then it has been recorded frequently, and this new one, which is remarkable for its beautiful sound, will help further to increase its popularity.

The fill-up to the second side is a sheer delight — "Jeux d'Enfants" ("Children's Games"). Many will remember it as one of the outstanding ballets danced in Australia by the Monte Carlo Company. "Jeux" consists of five pieces, out of a set of twelve written as a piano duet, which Bizet orchestrated with such deftness and gaiety that it is sheer joy to listen to. The combination of such a fresh, unhackneyed symphony with a small but sparkling ballet suite on one disc makes for really good measure, and one I think which will appeal to many collectors.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.



A word from Debbie . . .

• Where do you stand about inscriptions or messages with gifts?

If you're a 1959 Miss, you don't write a flowery, sentimental inscription on the flyleaf of the book you're giving your boy-friend, you write something noncommittal.

If it's a wallet, a briefcase, or a cigarette-case that you think would be more high-toned if initialled or engraved, think about it carefully first.

Most men have strong views about initialled possessions, so check up first.

In any case there is a practical side to the situation. Supposing he doesn't like the gift or is given two the same. He can't change it if it's initialled or engraved.

As for girls, they change their name at marriage, which generally ruins the gift for afterwards.

If the gifts are between lovers, be extra careful. Loving messages get out of date very quickly sometimes.



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Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.

Continuing . . . "I'll Never Leave Him"

bush road. Bruce took off his hat and wiped his streaming face. "Feels like snow," he said.

This was Penny's cue to carry on a deadpan conversation about the blizzard that was raging in Darwin, with the temperature at 120 in the shade and no shade. And had he heard about the station in Central Queensland so badly snowed in that food had to be dropped by parachute?

The gag didn't seem funny any more. In fact, Penny wondered how they could ever have been so infantile as to find it amusing. But before Mike came—

There he was, back in her mind! And suddenly she couldn't stand it. Any nonsensical chatter was better than that. She glanced up at the cloudless sky. "Gracious! You're right—it's snowing now!"

Bruce was looking abstractedly around the car. "Where's my tobacco?"

"Oh!" She stepped on the brake. "I knew I'd forgotten something!"

Her eyes met Bruce's with such an ashamed expression that he laughed.

"Hurray! I've been waiting for years for you to do that, conscientious little bloke that you are."

"Shall we go back?"

"No, no. Any mail worth having?"

Penny handed it to him, then started up again. "I'm awfully sorry, Bruce."

"Doesn't matter. I'll live." He rifled through the letters. "Nothing much here. Young Christopher Jones has been lodging complaints with me. He wants some United States stamps and why doesn't Miss Penny's young man write to her?"

"I'm sick of Christopher!" Penny burst out. "My mail is my affair. So is my lack of mail."

"Naturally," Bruce said mildly.

Penny bit her lip. "I didn't mean to be cross. But it gets

on my nerves that I can't either get or not get a letter without comment around here."

"Nothing new about it. Christopher's been collecting stamps for five years now. No doubt he'll get worse as time goes on. He— There's a broken wire!"

Penny glanced back at the fence. "I'll mend it. Derwent's so busy."

Bruce granted. "I take a very dim view of your mending fences."

"I don't see why."

"You would if you were me. You've been working too hard lately, anyway."

"I'm all right," she said shortly. "I like working hard."

The only thing that bothered her about work was the fear she would run out of it. And then what? Unoccupied, how would she keep the longing for Mike at bay?

There was always the wood-heap, though, and with fifteen minutes to spare before lunch she couldn't get there fast enough.

The ideal wife is one who does everything the ideal husband likes, and nothing else.

—Bernard Shaw

She had just started when Bruce came slowly around the corner of the shed. At the scraping of his leg on the ground she stopped. That sound was part of the trap she was caught in. Because of it, she couldn't marry Mike.

She began to chop wildly. Noise! She wanted noise—to drown out that scrape, scrape, scrape.

She swung at a small log on the chopping block, bringing the axe down hard. It glanced off a knot and crashed to the ground a fraction of an inch from her foot.

For an instant she stared at the blade embedded in the hard earth. Then Bruce's frozen silence drew her eyes to him.

The axe was out of his vision

[from page 40]

and she must let him know it had not harmed her, but she seemed to have no voice. Numbly, she shook her head.

His face lost its tautness. "Sit down! Your knees are probably wobbling."

They were, indeed, and Penny sank beside the axe at its crazy angle.

BRUCE came forward and, taking his crutch from under his arm, slid gingerly on to the block.

"Seems I have a job on my hands," he said. "If I'm to keep you all in one piece. Mike's liable to feel one in the family short a foot is enough."

"W—what's Mike got to do with this?" Penny managed to say.

"Oh, come now, Tuppence! I'm not trying to poke my nose into your business, you know. But running yourself ragged is one thing, and chopping yourself up is quite another."

"The axe just slipped."

"In the state you're in it might just slip again, with less fortunate results, and then what would I say to Mike?"

"Mike! Mike!" Penny flared. "Everybody brings up Mike! I don't want to talk about him. I want to be left alone."

"I doubt if people will do that. It wasn't exactly a secret that he was in love with you. And that you loved him. He's one of the best—why shouldn't you like him? But now he doesn't write and you dive into an orgy of work, and there you are—tongues start wagging." After a moment he added, "I know how you feel. And I have left you alone."

"I know," Penny said in an ashamed tone. "I didn't mean to be so objectionable just now. I don't see how you stand me around."

"I don't, either!"

They grinned, and for the first time in weeks Penny relaxed a little.

"That's better," Bruce said.

Penny's glance wavered, and suddenly she began to cry.

"Miss Penny!" Kate called from the back verandah. "Lunch!"

"Be there in a minute," Bruce answered, then he said to Penny, "Got a handkerchief?"

She felt in her pocket for one. "I don't want Kate to know I cried."

"She's rather a problem, isn't she? Can't seem to get it into her head that you're not still a little girl. She told me she's pretty sure you refused Mike because you wouldn't go off and leave me. Such rubbish! As if you'd do such a thing!"

There was a pause, and into it Penny threw a shaky, "Of course not."

"You'll get married when you're good and ready. And with no worry about Oparina or me. I have a good scheme in view."

"You have? I—I didn't know."

"I'm going to have some of Geoff Barlow's amputee cases up here. For years he's been wanting me to do it, but I was in no state for rehabilitating myself, let alone anyone else. Besides, you had a right to grow up in home surroundings, not a sort of convalescent place. Now, though, I'm ready to do a job to help some of those chaps get adjusted. That out there could help, too." He gestured to the hushed country all around.

"Maybe they'll grow to love it and decide to go on the land themselves. Anyway, I'm keen about the whole idea."

Penny stood up. Her voice was too choked for her to say anything.

"Miss Pen-n-y! Lun-n-nch!" "Com-ing," Bruce called. He fumbled for his crutch.

Penny was careful not to offer to help him. Instead, she eased the axe out of the ground.

"Be with you in a minute," she said, and walked into the shed.

Maybe you couldn't protect people, but at least it was all right to take care of tools. She put the axe carefully away.

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New! Exciting!



Wild poppy

Judith Aden's Autumn colour sensation!

Alluring Wild Poppy ... such an extravagant looking pink ... with

a whisper of tangerine. Created by Judith Aden especially for this Autumn's fashion ensembles. You'll wear it with utter delight!

Firm or creamy texture 2/11
Also in de Luxe 24-hour
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PASTAS—UNUSUAL DISHES

Chicken and Olive Supreme, bordered with egg noodles, is served piping hot from a chafing-dish and accompanied by a tray of salad pieces and crusty bread rolls. It makes a substantial meal.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, our Food and Cookery Expert



Pastas can be the basis of many interesting recipes. Their bland flavor and smooth texture are pleasing to the palate, and their appearance enhances even the simplest dish.

THE word "pasta" is Italian, and is the name given to the type of foodstuffs made from a simple dough that is rolled out thinly, cut into different shapes, and allowed to dry.

Macaroni, the best known of the pastas, is made in dozens of varieties, shapes, and sizes, each of which has a different name. Among them are vermicelli, spaghetti, and lasagna. Noodles are another well-known form of pasta.

Among the best known of the made-up pasta dishes are ravioli, cannelloni, and gnocchi.

It is important to cook macaroni and similar pastas correctly. They should be placed in a saucepan containing a large amount of boiling salted water and cooked until soft. Do not cover saucepan or stir while cooking. If using a long-strand variety of pasta, do not break into small pieces but push the protruding ends into the water with a wooden spoon as the strands soften.

In the following recipes all spoon measurements are level, and quantities are sufficient to serve six.

CHICKEN AND OLIVE SUPREME

Two cups cooked shredded chicken meat, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced black olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cooked thin noodles, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or chives.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk and continue stirring over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add tomato

paste and cheese, stir until cheese melts. Lastly add chicken pieces and olives, season to taste with salt and pepper. When mixture is thoroughly re-heated arrange on serving-dish in a border of noodles, sprinkle with parsley.

VERMICELLI AND ANCHOVIES

Three tablespoons olive oil, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 onion (chopped), 8 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon basil or mixed herbs, 1 tin anchovies (mashed), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1lb. vermicelli (cooked and drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Heat the olive oil and butter. Add the onion and saute 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, and basil, cook over low heat 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Sieve mixture and return to the saucepan, add anchovies and parsley; mix well. Correct seasoning. Add the vermicelli and mix well together. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

STUFFED SWEET PEPPERS

Six green peppers, 1lb. minced steak, 2 eggs, 1 onion (grated), 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1lb. spaghetti (cooked and drained), 1 tin tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 3 tablespoons brown sugar.

Cut a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slice from the top of each pepper. Remove the seeds and fibres carefully so the peppers remain intact. Cover with water, bring to boil, and boil for 2 minutes; drain. Saute minced steak in pan with 1 tablespoon fat until meat changes color. Mix with eggs, onion, 1 teaspoon of the salt, pepper, and spaghetti. Fill into the pepper cavities carefully. Place in a saucepan the

tomato puree and remaining salt, arrange peppers carefully in saucepan with cut side uppermost. Cook over low heat for 15 minutes, add the lemon juice and brown sugar; blend with the sauce. Cook for further 5 minutes or until the peppers are tender. Correct seasoning and serve hot.

POTATO GNOCCHI

One pound floury potatoes (peeled and boiled), $\frac{3}{4}$ cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 whole egg, 1 egg-yolk, Parmesan cheese.

Mash potatoes until completely smooth, add the flour, salt, whole egg, and egg-yolk, mixing until thoroughly blended. Shape into small sausage shapes about 2 inches long. Drop in boiling salted water. Cook until they float (about 8 minutes); drain. Serve with a tomato-flavored sauce and sprinkle top with grated Parmesan cheese.

PRAWNS AND MACARONI IN CHILLI SAUCE

Half cup olive oil, 2 onions (chopped), 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 green pepper (cut in thin slices), 2 tins tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chilli sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1lb. prawns (shelled), 1lb. elbow macaroni (cooked and drained), 3 hard-boiled eggs (quartered).

Heat the olive oil in a saucepan, add the onion, garlic, and green pepper. Saute gently 5 to 10 minutes. Add the tomato puree, salt, chilli sauce, and sugar and continue cooking over low heat 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the prawns and macaroni; mix lightly. Reheat over low flame, correct seasoning. To serve, arrange the mixture on a platter and garnish with the quartered eggs.

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SPACIOUS MODERN WINDOWS letting in sun and breezes are just one of the attractive features about this week's home plan. Built on a very small area, this two-bedroom house has a surprisingly good amount of space. Laundry and bathroom are combined.

WEEKEND HOUSE

● Our home plan this week is a charming contemporary design for a small two-bedroom home. Open to sun and breeze, with an informal gay atmosphere, it would make an ideal weekender for a beach or country site.

THE design is almost square, so it could be turned on the site to take advantage of view and aspect in any direction.

This squareness also makes the roof design flexible. It could be flat or a skillion sloping to any of the four sides. When ordering the plan specify which you would prefer. See panel below.

The front door is unusual and individual in appearance. Recessed, with an attractive

wall light, it is reached by a ramp instead of the more conventional steps.

Window treatment is modern. Glazing panels extend to the eaves' line and ventilation is controlled with hoppers. Double glass doors from the balcony lead to the living-room.

In a total area of less than seven squares surprisingly good accommodation is provided with two bedrooms and comfortable living space. The main bedroom has wide windows right across one wall and

additional windows could be added to either bedroom.

For economy the bathroom and laundry have been combined.

Placing of the toilet would depend on local building regulations and whether the site is sewered.

WILL readers please note that the home plans we publish each week are on sale only at our Home Planning Centres and not at The Australian Women's Weekly offices in any State.

The plans can also be ordered by mail from our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in leading stores in several cities and towns. The addresses are given in the panel at the foot of this page.

The kitchen is designed to give the maximum bench and storage units in the least amount of space.

The approximate cost of building would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £2975; timber, £2075; fibro, £1955.

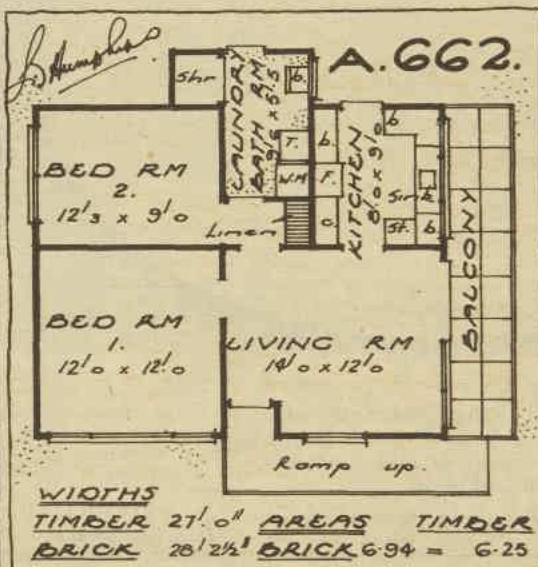
In Victoria: Brick, £2635; brick veneer, £2315; timber, £1795; fibro, £1685.

In South Australia: Brick, £2115; timber, £1815; asbestos, £1725.

In Queensland: Brick, £2960; timber, £1885; fibro, £1825.

In Tasmania: Brick, £2815; timber, £1895.

In Canberra: Brick, £3185; timber, £2145.



PLAN SHOWS a balcony, or sundeck, running the width of one side of the house. Double glass doors lead to the living-room. There is a large linen cupboard next to the bathroom.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE home plan on this page is available at all our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee £7/7/-.

Every week we publish a new standard plan.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements

or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should state the number of the design and building material to be used. Please enclose fee.

Addresses are:
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium on Fridays and Saturdays only.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhigter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

GARDEN MEALS



HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES fresh from the garden are great economy in the family budget. Careful autumn planting will provide a great variety of nutritious vegetables for the table in winter and spring. Plant in autumn for peas, beetroot, carrots, parsnips, lettuce, cabbage, onions, peppers, and radishes.

● Vitamins in capsule form may be satisfactory, but vitamins in fresh vegetables are better because they provide essential minerals, important bulk, and the appetising quality of variety and color.

GIVEN good soil, the right aspect, ample water, and supplementary feeding, the vegetable garden will, in many cases, substantially reduce the cost of living for a large family.

One of the urgent jobs along the N.S.W. coast is the planting out early this month of seed potatoes. Seed tubers that have been well "greened" (exposed to light and turned greenish) and have developed 1 to 1½ in. shoots are best to plant now. They should be buried 6 in. deep and about 15 in. apart in rows 2 ft. 6 in. apart.

All root crops except beetroot, which transplant easily, should be sown direct into drills and later thinned out.

Beetroots are usually sown in seedbeds and later transplanted to rich soil that was well manured about six months previously. Space them about 8 in. apart, as in fertile soil the roots will eventually reach a diameter of about 4 in. or more.

Carrots are generally thinned out to 3 or 4 in., according to variety, as the stump-rooted sorts, such as Oxheart, Manchester Table, and other half-long varieties, rarely expand more than 1½ to 2 in.

The bigger varieties with long roots—St. Valery, Scarlet Intermediate, and Scarlet Long Horn—require slightly more room between plants.

Parsnips should be spaced fully 8 in. apart. They, too, need a well-worked soil. The seed is poor stuff to germinate and should be fresh and sown rather thickly and then thinned out.

Table turnips and swedes require similar conditions—a well-worked soil that is fertile and contains ample humus (rotted manure or compost) that was dug in for a preceding crop, and plenty of moisture. They should be watered regularly and well, thinned out to allow at least 4 or 5 in. between plants.

Weed growth should be rigidly controlled between the rootcrop seedlings.

Cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, brussels sprouts, and kohlrabi all need somewhat similar

GARDENING

soil and treatment. Sow the seed in boxes or beds and transplant to the open garden when big enough. They are gross feeders and need the best conditions possible.

Space cabbages 15 in. to 2 ft. 6 in. apart, according to variety; cauliflowers 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft.; broccoli 15 to 18 in. apart; brussels sprouts 2 ft. 6 in. apart; and kohlrabi 9 in. apart.

Spray all with DDT to control the grubs of white cabbage butterflies and grey aphids. This is important, as these pests are very destructive. Feed plants regularly with weak liquid manure.

Derris-root powder, which is non-poisonous, should be substituted for DDT when broccoli starts to head, when cauliflower curds, and cabbage reach any size, and when brussels sprouts are about a fortnight off maturity.

White onions, such as Early Barletta, White Odorous, and Hunter River Early White,

can be sown now in well-manured, well-limed ground. Other varieties, such as Hunter River, Yellow Globe, Silver King, and Ailsa Craig, can also be sown. Transplant when about 8 in. tall.

Lettuces for winter use include Drumhead, Iceberg, Imperial D, Imperial 615, and All-the-year-round. They can be sown direct and thinned out or sown in beds or boxes and be transplanted when big enough. This plant requires very rich, loamy, well-drained soil, regular watering, and feeding with liquid manure.

Radishes are an all-the-year-round crop. They ask little more than a warm, sandy loam, plenty of water, and will mature in about three to four weeks from seed sowing.

Herbs include parsley, mint, horseradish, marjoram, sage, thyme, and dill. Sow seeds now, preferably in rather poor soil. Transplant to open positions when big enough. They require little care.

Peas should be sown in fairly heavy, well-drained soil for best results. If the soil is sandy, build up well with rotted cow manure and compost. Add superphosphate. Sow seed 3 to 4 in. apart in rows near a trellis or some sort of support.

Rhubarb roots will take a year or more to establish themselves if set out now. They should be planted in medium to heavy soil or sandy loam that has been bolstered up with old cow manure. The stems ripen best if the plants are given an open, sunny spot.

Silver beet usually does best in winter and spring. Get seedlings at this time of the year in cool districts, but sow seed in warmer areas.

See how Venetian Blinds

Can transform Your Home!



All that's changed in this room are the window coverings!



Here's the formula for transforming any room in your home! Get rid of those dowdy, old-fashioned window coverings and install venetian blinds! Venetians, beautiful in themselves, lend glamorous colour to every room in the house. They're so practical, too! No other form of window covering gives fingertip light control (from full sunlight to blackout) without affecting healthy air circulation. Lovely to look at, easy on the budget, built to give years of enduring beauty, venetian blinds are the complete answer to modern window decor.

WIN a Wonderful Holiday in VENICE!

Travel both ways 1st Class by LLOYD TRIESTINO

Here's your chance to win a glorious holiday in Venice — mecca of tourists and birth-place of Venetian Blinds. Many other wonderful prizes, too! No entry fees and nothing to buy — the prizes go to Australian housewives who have most intelligently planned the interior decoration of their favourite room.

HOW TO ENTER

Simply send a black and white photograph (not larger than 8 in. x 6 in.), or a sketch of any room in your home with Venetian Blinds, to "Venetian Blind Competition," c/o "Australian Women's Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Send with it a description of the room including colour scheme, etc. Mark your name and address clearly on your entry. Entries will be judged on room planning, furnishings and window decor. Closing date April 30, 1959.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

For Conditions of Entry see February 18 issue of Women's Weekly or obtain the Venetian Blind Competition brochure from your Venetian Blind retailer.

PRIZE LIST

1st HOLIDAY IN VENICE for 2
Luxury travel by Lloyd Triestino



A holiday for 2 in Venice — free 1st class travel both ways by Lloyd Triestino, plus spending money, etc.

2nd Holiday for 2 at Surfers Paradise
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Two weeks at luxurious "Silver Sands" on the fabulous Gold Coast. First class air travel by Ansett-ANA.



3rd Colour Photography Outfit by
Manimex

A Manimex Holiday 35 mm. camera with case; and Argus 200 with 35mm. lens; projector; and a De-Lite tripod screen.

PLUS 10 PRIZES AT £10

Ten prizes at £10 for the best weekly entries during the competition.

20 PRIZES OF £5

For the next best 20 entries.

FOR BEAUTY
PRIVACY
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Venetian Blinds



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Camille
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An exquisite pattern, and marvellous value too! A full 44-piece service of CAMILLE is priced from only £30/19/6. Matching pieces are available, such as fish knives & forks, sweetspoons & forks—complete settings. Sparkling finish, splendid quality and fresh, appealing designs make RODD Australia's finest range of Table Silver.

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STILL FRESH ON
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TASTY,
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added Vitamin B₁, B₂, Niacin

2 brands to buy from better bakers throughout Australia...

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For a white, stay-fresh loaf, ask for HI-VOL

If your baker can't supply, please write—N.S.W.: Barton Addison & Sons Pty. Ltd., 42 Margaret St., Sydney. Q.L.D.: B. K. Wiles & Co., 30 Albert St., Brisbane. SOUTHERN STATES: K. L. Bullantyne Pty. Ltd., 295 Grant St., St. Melbourne.

PEANUT RECIPE CONTEST

THE prize list includes a Grand Champion Prize of £500, and in addition there are First Prizes of £100 in each of the three sections of the contest.

Second prize in each section is £50, third prize is £20, and fourth prize £5. There are also 30 consolation prizes of £1 in each section.

These sections are:
CAKES AND BISCUITS.
DESSERTS.
MISCELLANEOUS
(including meat dishes, savories, sandwiches, etc.).

Three progress prizes of £5 each will also be awarded weekly, one in each section, and these prizewinners will be published weekly until our issue on April 29.

The first of these £5 weekly progress prizes will appear next week.

All the main prizewinners will be announced in one of our issues appearing late in May, and the prizewinning recipes will appear in a special cookery section in color in a June issue.

Weekly progress prizewinners will still be eligible for one of the main prizes, or even the Grand Champion Prize of £500.

Anyone can enter our Pea-

● Our new Peanut Recipe Contest promises to be more successful than any of our previous cookery contests. We are already receiving thousands of recipes from readers who are competing for the £1235 in prizes.

nut Recipe Contest—the only condition is that the recipe or recipes sent in contain peanuts or peanut products such as peanut oil or peanut butter.

However, peanut oil must be included as one of the ingredients in a recipe and not merely used to fry the completed dish.

You can enter as many recipes as you wish in any or all three sections of the contest, but please remember that peanuts or peanut products are an essential ingredient.

To enter, write your recipe or recipes clearly on a sheet of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the

recipe according to its section (Cakes and Biscuits, Desserts or Miscellaneous), and send it to Peanut Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

All entries will be opened and the recipes judged by The Australian Women's Weekly panel of food and cookery experts. Our judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

£1235 IN PRIZES

HERE is the list of prizes to be awarded in our Peanut Recipe Contest:

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE (Best recipe entered in the contest) £500
First Prize in each of the three sections £100
Second Prize in each section £50
Third Prize in each section £20
Fourth Prize in each section £5

Thirty consolation prizes of £1 each will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 progress prizes will be awarded weekly.

Honey-fig dessert wins £5

● This week's main prize of £5 in our regular recipe contest for readers is awarded for a simple-to-make sweet.

THE prizewinning recipe can also be served as cake slices without the cream accompaniment, if preferred.

All spoon measurements are level.

HONEY-FIG SQUARES

One and a half cups chopped preserved figs, 1 finely diced cooking apple, 1 cup honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz.

sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine figs, apple, honey, lemon juice, and cinnamon in saucepan, bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Work in sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Spread evenly over greased slab-tin, spread with prepared fruit mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Meanwhile prepare topping.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, 1/2 cup honey, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, add honey a little at a time, and continue beating until meringue forms stiff peaks. Pile over top of mixture in tin, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Return to moderate oven and bake further 12 to 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Cool. Cut into squares before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Road, Murarrie, Brisbane.

BOOK FOR PARENTS

A MODERN parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, gives practical advice to mothers and expectant mothers. It includes chapters on pre-natal and post-natal exercises and the feeding and care of the baby from birth to one year.

You can obtain your copy from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 15/-, plus 9d. postage. Please print your name and address clearly.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish uses round steak and is tantalisingly flavored with pickled cucumbers and a dash of red wine. It costs approximately eight shillings and sixpence and serves five.

ROLLED STEAK PIQUANTE

One and a half pounds round steak cut 1/4 in. thick, 1 lb. pork sausage meat, 1 clove garlic, 1/2 cup finely chopped pickled cucumber, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, pinch curry-powder, 1 cup water, 2 table-spoons red wine, gravy powder, salt, pepper, flour.

Flatten steak by pounding to make tender. Trim off fat, rub with clove of garlic, and spread with mustard mixed with curry powder. Fry sausage meat 5 minutes, break into small pieces, drain off fat and reserve. Spread sausage meat over steak, then cucumber. Roll up steak carefully and secure with skewers or coarse thread. Cut into 1 1/2 in. lengths, coat with seasoned flour, and brown in reserved fat in pan. Add water and wine, simmer 1 to 1 1/2 hours or until meat is tender. Thicken sauce slightly with gravy powder and serve piping hot.

COLD MEATS

Call for
French's
PREPARED
MUSTARD

No Mix! No Waste!
Ready to serve!



"I," declared Johnny, blue eyes narrowing a little, "always knew the devil was a woman!"

Simonetta said, "Yip!" "Good grief!" Johnny said. "It's alive. I thought it was your knitting."

Over Simonetta's topknot Janie glared at Johnny.

"Simonetta is an almost pedigree snow-white poodle."

"Off-white," Johnny grunted.

"Well, she's been rolling in the grass. All dogs have to roll in the grass."

"I wouldn't!" — Johnny grinned slowly — "call that a dog."

And the war was on. A cold war; the colder because, from the day the Sandesons had moved in next door to the Jennings, there had been a certain cosy warmth in the relationship that existed between the Jennings' daughter Janie and the Sandesons' son John. Not love at first sight, exactly. Maybe not quite love at all. Just a sort of rosiness. Like the afterglow of a sunset or the first young flush of the dawn.

It began on the morning the Sandesons' removal van pulled up at the house next door and unloaded three assorted suites, a carpet or two, the usual collection of household crocks, and a lawny-headed boy with a tortoise.

His alert blue eyes had assessed the blond little girl who was Janie, shapeless in school uniform—like a bag of beans tied around the middle. She had small, square, capable hands. He had allowed her to hold his tortoise. She was barely ten. He was eleven.

Continuing . . . Lucifer and Simonetta

(from page 33)

Later he had let her retrieve the tennis balls he lobbed up against the wall and had given her a racket with three strings gone.

Later still he had coached her in the service and the backhand drive and they had partnered each other in mixed doubles. She was no longer shapeless and no longer in school uniform.

Now she was just nineteen. Johnny was twenty.

Now there was Lucifer. There was also Simonetta.

Janie sighed heavily into Simonetta's left ear and Simonetta said "Yip!"

In the garden next door Johnny crawled from underneath Lucifer, raised an oily hand, and called "Hi!" Simonetta grinned a poodle grin and Johnny grinned back. It might have been a move towards an armistice in the cold war, but Janie tossed her proud little head and withdrew from the window sill.

Back in the bedroom she sat down in front of the dressing-table and gazed with analytical candor into the mirror. Pretty blond girl and pretty blond poodle had, she felt, an undeniable appeal. Janie rested her chin on Simonetta's topknot and wondered what they hadn't got that Lucifer had. The answer, maybe, was a semi-outboard motor, a handle that would it, two large brass lamps, and a horn.

And now not only the horn worked. An erratic pop-popping like an outboard motor-boat on a very choppy sea disturbed the quiet of the morning. Janie was in the garden, trying to prevent a newly washed Simonetta from rolling in the unwashed earth. Johnny, oily and happy, looked over the garden wall and bawled: "Hear that?"

"I'd be stone deaf," yelled Janie, "if I didn't."

"Today," shouted Johnny, "we'll be riding."

"Simonetta," Janie countered, "prefers walking. Dogs need exercise. Besides, she's scared of cars. One only has to pass within yards of her and she

Clean a stone fireplace with clear water and a stiff wire brush. If necessary, use a little powdered pumice. Do not use soap or scouring powder. These may spoil the stone's color.

trembles like a— A leaf, she felt, was not just the right word.

"Like a woolly jelly," offered Johnny gleefully.

"You," Janie returned, "are an oily, offensive, wholly insensitive monster. Like Lucifer. I hate you."

"I can't hear you," Johnny bellowed.

He disappeared from the garden wall. The pop-popping spluttered into a beautiful silence. Birds sang. Bees hummed. Johnny reappeared at the garden wall.

"You were saying—" Johnny grinned.

"Simonetta and I," Janie snapped, "are going for a walk. Simonetta, come!"

Simonetta came. She came, Janie felt, a shade unwillingly, with many a backward grin at Johnny, who was leaning on the garden wall making come-hither-doggy noises.

"Walk!" Janie told Simonetta. Walking along the high-road, her small bright head held high, she was thinking of Johnny. She was thinking how Johnny could have been walking with them, if he didn't spend all his time inside, alongside, or underneath Lucifer. She was thinking of the times Johnny talked to her in his teasing voice—like today—and she hated him. From there she went on to thinking of the times Johnny talked to her in his gentle voice.

She hardly noticed the cars and the buses and the boys on bikes that whizzed along the high-road, but Simonetta did. Simonetta had a phobia about cars and buses and boys on bikes, and all things that whizzed along the high-road.

The convoy of four buses was just three buses too many. Simonetta started nervously at the first, hysterically at the second, wildly at the third. With the fourth she panicked. The little lead, taut as a bowstring, snapped off short from the little collar.

"Simonetta!" Janie called. Simonetta, a small, white, woolly missile, jet-propelled, was away along the high-road.

"Simonetta!" Janie screamed. Simonetta found a gap in a hedge, and vanished.

Two whole hours later Janie had not found Simonetta. She had found a jungle of brambles that tore at her hands and a bog with pea-soup mud. But she hadn't found Simonetta.

Janie scrambled down into the lane that wound through the woods and sat with her chin upon her knees. A small,

sick feeling made her limbs feel like lead and her heart like a cold suet dumpling. The birds that sang, the bees that hummed, and a gentle pop-popping noise like an outboard motorboat in some distant harbor made little impact upon her consciousness.

The pop-popping grew louder. Insistently. Obtrusively. Janie's bright head jerked upwards. Lucifer, panting and puffing, came round the bend in the lane.

"Johnny!" Janie called, on her feet again. "Jo-o-hnny!"

Lucifer came on down the lane and stopped right there beside her.

"Hi, there! Want a lift?"

Johnny grinned at her from behind the steering wheel. And grinning beside him was a once-white poodle with a faintly rakish air.

"Simonetta!" Janie piped. "Oh, Simonetta!" Like a mother restored to a wayward child, she felt relieved and furious.

"I picked her up," declared Johnny in his teasing voice. "Picked her up! She was sitting by the roadside trying to thumb a lift. I admired her technique. So ladylike." Johnny grinned. "She just sat there on the grass verge looking wistful."

"Simonetta!" Janie cried. And held out maternal arms. Simonetta said "Yip!" and leapt coyly to the other side of Johnny.

Johnny unwound his long legs from underneath the steering wheel and stretched them over the side. He wore the look of a man who finds life good.

"Simonetta!" Janie snapped, relief giving way to exasperation. "Come!"

Simonetta, eyes black and bead-bright, stepped backwards on to Johnny's manly chest.

"She's bedevilled!" Janie moaned.

"Lucifer," pronounced Johnny smugly, "gets you that way."

He coiled his long legs back under the steering wheel. The seat beside him was vacant and inviting. Simonetta, the wanton, took it, and grinned at Janie from under Johnny's right elbow.

"Simonetta," Johnny conceded, "is no dim dog. She likes to walk, but she'd rather ride." His voice and his blue, blue eyes were teasing.

Janie stood still on the green grass verge. She felt betrayed, abandoned, and the scratches on her hands were stinging.

"But Simonetta's scared of cars," Fury made her stammer a little, and the stammer made her more furious. "She—she hates them—"

"Not cars. Just wheels. It's the way they go round and round. Whoosh-whoosh! Maybe her mother was scared by a truck before she was born," grinned Johnny, his arm round Simonetta.

Janie's mouth quivered ever so slightly. There was something about Johnny's arm, and the way it curved snugly round Simonetta.

"Janie," Johnny said. And it was his gentle voice.

Janie stood squarely on the green grass verge. Two pairs of eyes regarded her hopefully. Blue eyes. Eyes black and bead-bright. There was a certain sameness in their expression. A compound of devilment and wistful appeal.

"Janie!" Johnny said in his gentle voice. "Janie, it's a lovely morning for a ride."

A lovely morning, Janie thought. Birds still sang, bees still hummed, and the scratches on her hands forgot to sting.

"We-ell," Janie breathed, "what are we waiting for? You—Simonetta—move over!"

Simonetta said "Yip!"

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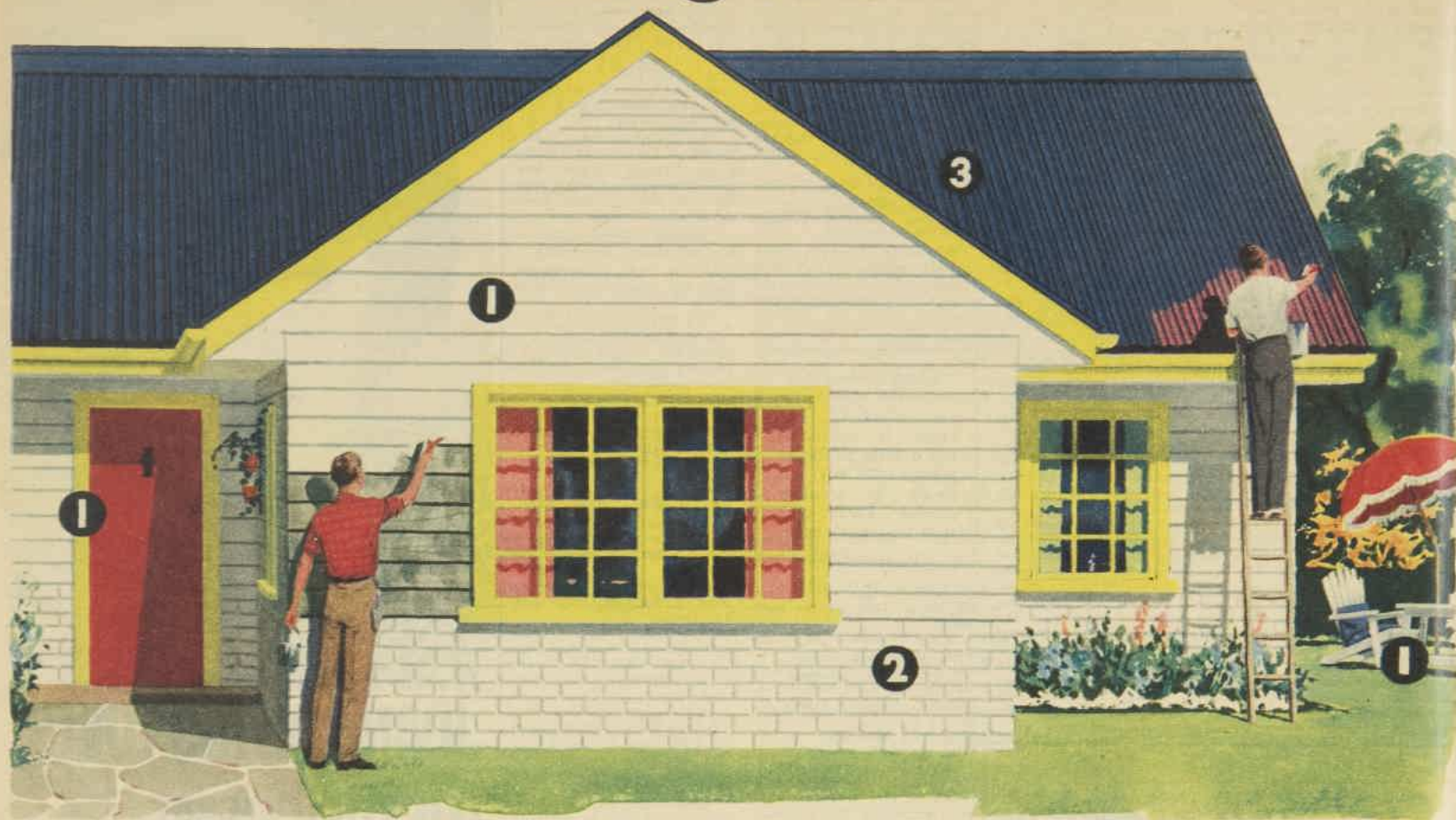
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Coats required for various surfaces

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One or two coats of Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Petriseal

2nd coat — Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat
(Petriseal is not required on brick or weathered fibro)

TIMBER SURFACES

(In reasonably good condition)

Usually one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Pink or White Primer

2nd coat — Taubmans Exterior Undercoat

3rd coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss

(On painted metal surfaces in reasonable condition one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss is usually sufficient.)

TAUBMANS

Before he could reply she had made off with the others in search of breakfast.

During breakfast Tim kept trying to catch Alleyn's eye and got but little response for his pains. He was waiting in the passage when Alleyn came out and said with artificial heartiness, "I've found those books I was telling you about. Would you like to come along to my room or shall I bring them up to yours?"

"Bring them," Alleyn said, "to mine."

He went straight upstairs. In five minutes there was a knock on his door and Tim came in, burdened with unwanted textbooks. "I've got something I think I ought to tell you," he said.

"Brigid Carmichael wonders if the Flower Murderer is on board and Aubyn Dale knows she does."

"How the devil did you find out?" Tim ejaculated.

"She told me."

"Oh."

"And I'm rather wondering why you didn't."

"I didn't get a chance before dinner, but you were boxed up with the D-B and Dale in the lounge and later on—well—"

"You were discussing Elizabethan literature on the verandah?"

"Exactly."

"Very well. At what stage did you inform Miss Carmichael of my name?"

"Damn it, it's not as bad as you think. Look—did she tell you that, too?"

"She merely called it out before the whole lot of them as we came down to breakfast."

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 35]

"She thinks it's your Christian name—Allan."

"Why?"

Tim told him, "I really am ashamed of myself," he said. "It just slipped out. I wouldn't have believed I could be such a damn fool."

"Nor would I. I suppose it comes of all this poodle-faking nonsense. Calling oneself by a false name! Next door to wearing false whiskers, I've always thought, but sometimes it can't be avoided."

"She's not a notion who you are, of course."

"That, at least, is something. And, by the way, she'll be telling you about an incident that occurred last night. I think you'll agree that it's serious. I've suggested the mythical sneak-thief as the culprit. You'd better take the same line."

"But what's happened?"

"A Peeping Tom's happened. She'll tell you. She may also tell you how Mrs. Dillington-Blick goes fey among the dericks by moonlight."

"What?"

"I'm going to see the captain. Father Jourdain's joining me there; you'd better come, too, I think. You might as well know about it."

"Of course. If I'm not confined to outer darkness."

"Oh," Alleyn said, "we'll give you another chance."

Tim said, "I'm sorry about my gaffe, Alleyn."

"The name is Broderick."

"I'm sorry."

"She's a nice child. None of my business, but I hope you're not making a nonsense. She's had one bad knock-and she'd better not be dealt another."

"She seems," Tim observed, "to confide in you more freely than in me."

"Advanced years carry their own compensation."

"For me, this is it."

"Certain?"

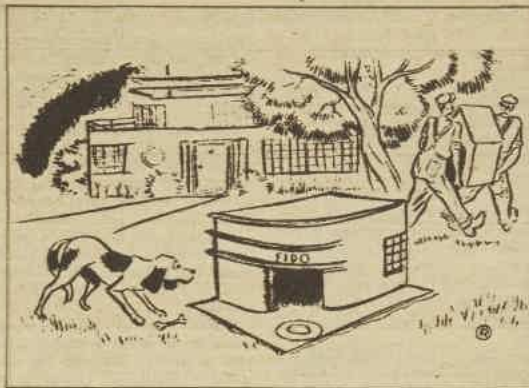
"Absolutely. I wish I was as certain about her."

"Well—look after her."

"I've every intention of doing so," Tim said, and on that

neck looked mulish. The other three men exchanged glances.

"The chap's not aboard my ship," the captain loudly announced without turning his head. "I know that as well as I know you are. I've been master under the Cape Company's charter for twenty years and I know as soon as I look at him whether a chap'll blow up for trouble at sea. I had a murderer shipped aboard me once. Soon as I clapped eyes on him I knew he was no good. Never failed yet. And I've been observing this lot. Observing them closely. There's not a murdering look on



note they found Father Jourdain and went to visit Captain Bannerman.

It was not an easy interview.

Alleyn would have recognised Captain Bannerman for an obstinate man even if he had not been told as much by members of the Cape Line Company before he left. "He's a pigheaded man," one of these officials had remarked. "And if you get up against him he'll make things very uncomfortable for you. He drinks pretty hard, and is reported to be shocking in his cups. Keep on the right side of him, and he'll be O.K."

So far, Alleyn thought, he had managed to follow this suggestion, but when he described the episode of the moonlit figure seen by Brigid on Friday night, he knew he was in for trouble.

He gave his own interpretation of this story, and he suggested that steps should be taken to ensure that there was no repetition. He met with a flat refusal. He then went on to tell them of the man outside Brigid's porthole.

The captain said at once that he would detail the officer of the watch, who would take steps to ensure that this episode was not repeated. He added that it was of no particular significance, and that very often people behaved oddly in the tropics—an observation that Alleyn was getting a little tired of hearing. He attempted to suggest a more serious interpretation and met with blank incredulity.

As for the Dillington-Blick episode, the captain said he would take no action either to investigate it or prevent a repetition. He treated them to a lecture on the diminishing powers of a ship's master at sea, and grew quite hot on the subject.

There were limitations. There were unions. Even passengers nowadays had their rights, he added regretfully. What had occurred was in no way an infringement of any of the regulations, he didn't propose to do anything about it, and he must request Alleyn to follow suit. And that, he said finally, was flat.

He stood with his hands in his jacket pockets and glared through his porthole at the horizon. Even the back of his

one of their faces, not a sign of it.

He turned slowly and advanced upon Alleyn. His own face, lobster-red, wore an expression of childish complacency. "You're on a wild-goose chase," he said blowing out gusts of whisky. Then with quite astonishing violence he drew his mottled hirsute fist from his pocket and crashed it down on his desk. "That sort of thing," said Captain Bannerman, "doesn't happen in my ship!"

"May I say just this?" Alleyn ventured. "I wouldn't come to you with the suggestion unless I thought it most urgently necessary. You may, indeed, be perfectly right. Our man may not, after all, be aboard. But suppose, sir, that in the teeth of all you feel about it, he is in this ship." Alleyn pointed to the captain's desk calendar. "Sunday the tenth of February," he said.

"If he's here we've got four days before his supposed deadline. Shouldn't we take every possible step to prevent him going into action? I know very well that what I've suggested sounds farfetched, cockeyed, and altogether preposterous. It's a precautionary measure against a threat that may not exist. But isn't it better?" He looked at that unyielding front and very nearly threw up his hands. "Isn't it better, in fact, to be sure than sorry?" said Alleyn in despair. Father Jourdain and Tim murmured agreement, but the captain shouted them down.

"Ah! So it is, and it's a remark I often pass myself. But in this case it doesn't apply. What you've suggested is dead against my principles as master, and I won't have it. I don't believe it's necessary, and I won't have it."

Father Jourdain said, "If I might just say one word—"

"You may spare yourself the trouble. I'm set."

Alleyn said, "Very good, sir. I hope you're right. Of course we'll respect your wishes."

"I won't have that lady put about by any interference or— or criticism."

"I wasn't suggesting—"

"It'd look like criticism," the captain mumbled cryptically, and added, "A touch of high spirits never did anyone any harm."

This comment, from Alleyn's point of view, was such a masterpiece of understatement that he would find no answer to it.

He said, "Thank you, sir," in what he hoped was the regulation manner, and made for the door. The others followed him.

"Here!" Captain Bannerman ejaculated and they stopped. "Have a drink," said the captain.

"Not for me at the moment, thank you very much," said Alleyn.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I generally hold off till the sun's over the yardarm if that's the right way of putting it."

"You don't take overmuch then, I've noticed."

"Well," Alleyn said apologetically, "I'm by way of being on duty."

"Ah! And nothing to show for it when it's all washed up. Not that I don't appreciate the general idea. You're following orders, I daresay, like all the rest of us, never mind if it's a waste of time and the public's money."

"That's the general idea."

"Well—what about you two gentlemen?"

"No thank you, sir," said Tim.

"Nor I, thank you very much," said Father Jourdain.

"No offence, is there?"

They hurriedly assured him there was none, waited for a moment, and then went to the door. The last glimpse they had of the captain was a square, slightly wooden figure making

for the corner cupboard where he kept his liquor.

The rest of Sunday passed by quietly enough. It was the hottest day the passengers had experienced, and they were all subdued. Mrs. Dillington-Blick wore white and so did Aubyn Dale.

They lay on their chaise longue in the verandah and smiled languidly at passers-by. Sometimes they were observed to have their hands limply engaged; occasionally Mrs. Dillington-Blick's rich laughter would be heard.

Tim and Brigid spent most of the day in or near a canvas bathing pool that had been built on the after well-deck. They were watched closely by the Cuddys, who had set themselves up in a place of vantage at the shady end of the promenade deck, just under the verandah. Late in the afternoon Mr. Cuddy himself took to the water clad in a rather grisly little pair of puce-colored drawers. He developed a vein of aquatic playfulness that soon drove Brigid out of the pool and Tim into a state of extreme irritation.

Mr. Merryman sat in his usual place and devoted himself to Neil Cream, and when that category of horrors had reached its appointed end, to the revolting fate that met an assortment of ladies who graced the pages of "The Thing He Loves." From time to time he commented unfavorably on the literary style

To page 54

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of this work and also on the police methods it described.

As Alleyn was the nearest target he found himself at the receiving end of these strictures. Inevitably, Mr. Merryman was moved to enlarge once again on the Flower Murders. Alleyn had the fun of hearing himself described as "some plodding Dogberry drest in a little brief authority. One Alleyn," Mr. Merryman snorted, "whose photograph was reproduced in the evening news-sheets — a countenance of abysmal foolishness, I thought."

"Really?"
"Oh, shocking, I assure you," said Mr. Merryman with immense relish. "I imagine, if the unknown criminal saw it, he must have been greatly consoled. I should have been, I promise you."

"Do you believe, then," Alleyn asked, "that there is after all an art to find the mind's construction in the face?"

Mr. Merryman shot an almost approving glance at him. "Source?" he demanded sharply. "And context?"

"Macbeth," one, four. Duncan on Clowd, Alleyn replied, feeling like Alice in Wonderland.

"Very well. You know your way about that essentially second-rate melodrama, I perceive. Yes," Mr. Merryman went on with pedagogic condensation, "unquestionably, there are certain facial evidences which serve as pointers to the informed observer. I will undertake for example to distinguish at first sight a

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 53]

bright boy among a multitude of dullards, and believe me," Mr. Merryman added dryly, "the opportunity does not often present itself."

Alleyn asked him if he would extend this theory to include a general classification. Did Mr. Merryman, for instance, consider that there was such a thing as a criminal type of face? "I've read somewhere, I fancy, that the police say there isn't," he ventured. Mr. Merryman rejoined tartly that for once the police had achieved a glimpse of the obvious.

"If you ask me whether there are facial types indicative of brutality and low intelligence, I must answer yes. But the sort of person we have been considering — he held up his book — need not be exhibited in the countenance. The fact that he is possessed by his own particular devil is not written across his face that all who run may read."

"That's an expression that Father Jourdain used in the same context," Alleyn said. "He considers this must be possessed of the devil."

"Indeed?" Mr. Merryman remarked. "That is, of course, the accepted view of the Church. Does he postulate the cloven hoof and toasting-fork?"

"I have no idea." A shadow fell across the deck and there was Miss Abbott.

"I believe," she said, "in a personal devil. Firmly."

She stood above them, her face dark and miserable. Alleyn began to get up from his deckchair, but she stopped him with a brusque movement of her hand. She jerked herself up on the hatch, where she sat bolt upright, her large feet in tennis shoes dangling awkwardly.

"How else," she demanded, "can you explain the cruelties? God permits the devil to torment us for His own inscrutable purposes."

"Dear me!" observed Mr. Merryman, quite mildly for him. "We find ourselves in a positive hive of orthodoxy, do we not?"

"You're a churchman," Miss Abbott said, "aren't you? You came to Mass. Why do you laugh at the devil?"

MR. MERRYMAN contemplated her over his spectacles, and after a long pause said, "My dear Miss Abbott, if you can persuade me of his existence I assure you I shall not treat the Evil One as a laughing matter. Far from it."

"I'm no good," she said impatiently. "Talk to Father Jourdain. He's full of knowledge and wisdom and will meet you on your own ground. I suppose you think it very uncouth of me to butt in and shove my faith down your throats, but when—" She set her dark jaw and went on with a kind of obstinacy, "when I hear people laugh at the devil it raises him in me. I know him."

The others found nothing to say to her. She passed her hand heavily across her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't usually throw my weight about like this. It must be the heat."

Aubyn Dale came along the deck, spectacular in sharkskin shorts, crimson pullover, and a pair of exotic espadrilles he had bought in Las Palmas. He wore enormous sunglasses and his hair was handsomely ruffled.

"I'm going to have a dip," he said. "Just time before dinner and the water's absolutely superb. Madame won't hear of it, though. Any takers here?"

Mr. Merryman merely stared at him. Alleyn said he'd think about it. Miss Abbott got down from the hatch and walked away. Dale looked after her and wagged his head. "Poor soul!" he said. "I couldn't be sorer for her. Honestly, life's hell for some women, isn't it?"

He looked at the other two men. Mr. Merryman ostentatiously picked up his book and Alleyn made a non-committal noise. "I see a lot of that sort of thing," Dale went on, "in my fantastic job. The Lonely Legion, I call them. Only to myself, of course."

"Quite," Alleyn murmured. "Well, let's face it. What the hell is there for them to do — looking like that? Religion? Exploring Central Africa? Or — ask yourself, I dunno," said Dale whimsically philosophical. "One of those things."

He pulled out his pipe, shook his head over it, said, "Ah, well!" and meeting perhaps with less response than he had expected, walked off, trollying a stylish catch.

Mr. Merryman said something quite unprintable into his book and Alleyn went in search of Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

He found her, still reclining on the verandah and fanning herself, enormous but delectable. Alleyn caught himself

wondering what Henry Moore would have made of her. She welcomed him with enthusiasm and a helpless flapping gesture to show how hot she was. But her white dress was uncreased. A lace handkerchief protruded crisply from her décolletage and her hair was perfectly in order.

"You look as cool as a cucumber," Alleyn said, and sat down on Aubyn Dale's footrest. "What an enchanting dress."

She made comic eyes at him. "My dear!" she said.

"But then all your clothes are enchanting. You dress quite beautifully, don't you?"

"How sweet of you to think so," she cried delightedly.

"Ah!" Alleyn said, leaning towards her. "You don't know how big a compliment you're being paid. I'm extremely critical of women's clothes."

"Are you, indeed? And what do you like about mine, may I ask?"

"I like them because they are clever enough to express the charm of their wearer," Alleyn said with a mental reservation to tell that one to Troy.

"Now, I do call that a perfect remark! In future I shall dress specially for you. There now!" promised Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

"Will you? Then I must think about what I should like you to wear. Tonight, for instance. Shall I choose that wonderful Spanish dress you bought in Las Palmas. May I?"

There was quite a long pause during which she looked sideways at him. "I think perhaps that'd be a little too much, don't you?" she said at last. "Sunday night, remember."

"Well, then, tomorrow?"

"Do you know," she said, "I've gone off that dress. You'll think me a frightful silly-billy, but all the rather murky businesses with poor sweet Mr. McAngus' doll has sort of set me against it. Isn't it queer?"

"Oh!" Alleyn exclaimed with a great show of disappointment. "What a pity! And what a waste!"

"I know. All the same, that's how it is. I just see Esmeralda looking so like those murdered girls and all I want to do with my lovely, lovely dress is drop it overboard."

"You haven't done that!"

Mrs. Dillington-Blick gave a little giggle. "No," she said.

"I haven't done that."

"Or given it away?"

"Brigid would swim in it, and I can't quite see Miss Abbott or Mrs. Cuddy going all flamenco, can you?"

Dale came by on his way to the bathing pool, now wearing Palm Beach trunks and looking like a piece of superb publicity for a luxury liner. "You're a couple of slackers," he said heartily, and shinned nimbly down to the lower deck.

"I shall go and change," sighed Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

"But not into the Spanish dress?"

"I'm afraid not. Sorry to disappoint you." She held out her luxurious little hands and Alleyn dutifully hauled her up. "It's too sad," he said, "to think we are never to see it."

"Oh, I shouldn't be absolutely sure of that," she said and giggled again. "I may change my mind and get inspired all over again."

"To dance by the light of the moon?"

She stood quite still for a few seconds and then gave him her most ravishing smile. "You never know, do you?" said Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

Alleyn watched her stroll along the deck and go through the doors into the lounge.

"... and I expect you will agree," he wrote to his wife that evening, "that in a subsidiary sort of way, this was a

thoroughly disquieting bit of information."

Steaming down the west coast of Africa, Cape Infanta ran into the sort of weather that is apt to sap the resources of people who are not accustomed to it. The air through which she moved was of the land — enervated and loaded with vague impurities. A thin grey-ness that resembled dust rather than cloud obscured the sun but scarcely modified its potency.

Mr. Merryman got a "touch" of it, and looked as if he were running a temperature but refused to do anything about it.

Dysentery broke out among the crew and also afflicted Mr. Cuddy, who endlessly consulted Tim, and, with unattractive candor, anybody else who would listen to him.

Aubyn Dale drank a little more and began to look it, and so, to Alleyn's concern, did Captain Bannerman. The captain was a heavy, steady drinker, who grew less and less tractable as his potations increased. He now resented any attempt Alleyn might make to discuss the case in hand, and angrily reiterated his statement that there were no homicidal lunatics on board his ship. He became morose, unapproachable, and entirely pigheaded.

Mr. McAngus, on the other hand, grew increasingly loquacious, and continually lost himself in a maze of "non sequiturs." "He suffers," Tim said, "from verbal dysentery."

"With Mr. McAngus," Alleyn remarked, "the condition appears to be endemic. We mustn't blame the tropics."

"They seem to have exacerbated it, however," observed Father Jourdain wearily. "Did you know that he had a row with Merryman last night?"

"What about?" Alleyn asked.

"Those filthy medicated cigarettes he smokes. Merryman says the smell makes him feel sick."

"He's got something there," Tim said. "Goodness knows what muck they're made of."

"They stink like a wet haystack."

"Ah, well," Alleyn said, "to our tasks, gentlemen. To our unwelcome tasks."

Since their failure with the captain they had agreed among themselves upon a plan of campaign. As soon as night fell each of them was to "mark" one of the women passengers.

Tim said flatly that he would take Brigid, and that arrangement was generally allowed to be only fair. Father Jourdain said he thought perhaps Alleyn had better have Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "She alarms me," he remarked. "I have a feeling that she thinks I'm a wolf in priest's clothing. If I begin following her about after dark she will be sure of it."

Tim grinned at Alleyn. "She's got her eye on you. It'd be quite a thing if you cut the Telly King out."

"Don't confuse me," Alleyn said dryly, and turned to Father Jourdain. "You can handle the double, then," he said. "Mrs. Cuddy never leaves Cuddy for a second, and —"

"And poor Miss Abbott is

To page 65

Don't let that snuffle become a cold!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 4, 1959

Chemist Advice on Baby Care



Mother knows best but . . .

As guardian of your baby's health what a comfort it is to have the skilled, friendly advice of your family chemist. Every mother, however wise and wonderful, is sometimes uncertain as to which product is best for baby. Your chemist knows. You buy from him with confidence because he only recommends brands that meet the highest standards. More than that, his specialist knowledge guides you to the particular brands which care for your baby best. And so for all the family. Whether it's saccharine or shaving cream, cough drops or cologne, ask your family chemist. He knows. The extra protection his knowledge gives you costs not a penny more.

ask your Family Chemist
... he knows.

SHOPPING AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST COSTS NO MORE EVEN WITH ALL THESE ADDED BENEFITS: C'WLTH. FREE MEDICINE, HOSPITAL & MEDICAL BENEFITS, TAX DEDUCTIBLE MEDICINES, PENSIONERS' & REPATRIATION MEDICAL SCHEME, AND SUNDAY AND HOLIDAY SERVICES.

An Announcement of the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia on behalf of the Chemists of New South Wales.





Think ahead when choosing a career

● No matter what career you choose, your education can always be started to equip you better for it. That is why, about the beginning of the school year, we are presenting this brief outline of some career opportunities for girls.

OFTEN it may be necessary to study special subjects at school so that you are properly qualified to begin the years of training that may come afterwards.

It's a mistake to think, "I'll do such-and-such; it's a dead-end job, but, anyway, I'll soon get married."

Don't rely on the constancy of the boy next door. You might stay single.

And with a job that doesn't interest you, life becomes a dreary round of work-home-work.

Besides, many girls find that after some years of marriage they have to return to their earning jobs, for instance because of a husband's illness.

Parents argue wisely when they stipulate that their daughters must be trained for a job that can stand to them all their lives.

Here, under individual headings, are some of the jobs girls most often consider when thinking of their future careers.

PRIVATE SECRETARY

In an office there are jobs for messengers, typists, cashiers, telephonists, business-machine operators, and stenographers. A lot of girls go straight into the office from school. They are trained there (some go to evening classes), and how they advance is dependent on their own ability.

A private secretary to an executive attends to his mail and acts as a sort of combined watchdog, filing clerk, diary (reminding him of appointments), and office "mother." She helps organize the executive's life so that he is kept free of petty worries.

Qualifications: Good shorthand and typing speeds (at least 120 w.p.m. in shorthand, 60 in typing), efficiency, charm, ability to deal with a wide variety of people, discrimination, conscientiousness, and initiative.

Training: For girls with the Intermediate Certificate, the Department of Technical Education has a stenographic course—fees about £6 a year. Secretarial colleges' fees range from £60 upwards. They teach shorthand, typing, bookkeeping, office practices, postal practices, and how to write letters.

Prospects: Unlimited. **Salary:** For clerks, the award rate begins at £5/1/- for under-16-year-olds, increasing to £11/6/6 at 23. Senior secretarial job brings a minimum award rate of £12/4/-. Added responsibility brings a considerably higher salary.

RADIOLOGIST

Working at a hospital or in practice, a radiologist takes X-ray films, processes them, and diagnoses the complaint of the patient as shown by the X-ray.

Qualifications: Age 17. Intermediate Certificate (Leaving is preferred), including passes in Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics. Good health. Apply to a hospital (suggested: Radiology Dept., St. Luke's Hospital, Darlinghurst) for details.

Training: Three years at a hospital, doing practical work in the daytime and attending one-hour evening classes two nights a week. Examinations are held at the end of each year, and the radiologist does another year's work at hospital before receiving the Certificate of Radiology, not awarded before the age of 21.

Salary: Begins at about £7, increasing to about £14 at 21. A trained radiologist receives a minimum of £16/18/-.

MODEL

Modelling falls into two categories: photographic and mannequin. Both entail hard work—standing for hours, keeping a pleasant smile fixed (but looking natural).

Qualifications: Photogenic quality (high forehead, wide-set eyes, straight nose, high cheekbones, slender jawline, perfect teeth, good skin), about 5ft. 6in.-5ft. 8in. tall, with a good figure in proportion, well-shaped legs. It isn't necessary for a mannequin to have the same facial qualities as a photographic model; principally she has to be able to "show off" clothes.

Training: Modelling schools teach the girls how to walk gracefully, turn, bring out details of clothes, make-up tricks, and lectures on aspects of modelling.

Prospects: Good. Australian models are nearly always successful overseas—and the money at home is good.

Salary: Varies. Most girls get £6/6/- for a day's work, or £2/2/- for a single photograph. A top model can make £50 a week at the height of the season.

BEAUTICIAN

The beautician advises, gives beauty treatments, and sells the creams, liquids, and cosmetics made by the company employing her.

Qualifications: Most firms prefer applicants to be at least 20. Leaving Certificate is an advantage. Impeccable grooming, a pleasant and soothing personality, and supple hands are musts. Previous sales experience is preferred.

Training: Beauty firms have training schemes, varying from three months to six or more. Write for details to the one that interests you.

Salary: Award rate is £11/14/6, but a trained beautician makes more with commissions and tips.

LABORATORY ASSISTANT Laboratory assistants carry out skilled tasks (mostly of routine nature) under a scientist's direction in research, hospital, and industrial laboratories.

Qualifications: From 16-18, with Intermediate or Leaving Certificate, including passes in

Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics; good eyesight, manual dexterity, and ability to concentrate.

Training: Inquire for jobs at the laboratories of your choice—or the Commonwealth Employment Service. A junior learns simple laboratory techniques. There are courses at the University of Technology and the Technical Colleges.

Salary: Depends on the employer, but a qualified assistant can expect about £15 in her first year.

USHERETTE

Usherettes work a 40-hour week (with half an hour's changing time a day)—but there is some day work and some night work each week.

Qualifications: Usually between 18-25, with good deportment, friendly disposition. For a job, apply to a theatre or one of the big theatre chains.

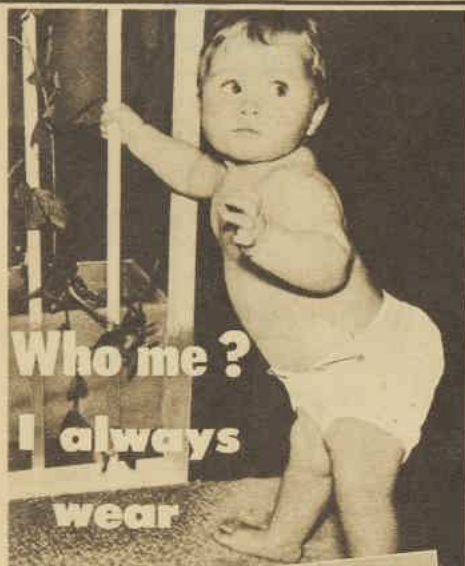
Training: Usherettes must learn the layout of the theatre, location of seats, and fire drill. They are lectured periodically by the Fire Department.

Salary: Usually about £11 a week, plus overtime.

COOKERY DEMONSTRATOR

A cookery demonstrator is usually employed by a gas or electricity company to illustrate types of stoves and cookery methods, make home-service calls, answer inquiries, address women's organisations.

Qualifications: Age at least



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IT'S YOUR
ASSURANCE AGAINST SHRINKAGE

MOST girls are interested—naturally—in the marriage prospects offered by various careers. Therefore, if your object is matrimony, it is logical to take a job where you'll meet men. This means, perhaps, secretarial work in a large, male-staffed company, nursing (nurses often have eligible patients), or the job of an air hostess—although the "romances" here are apt to be over-rated. Some jobs have disadvantages—a florist usually meets men who are sending flowers to some other woman. Similar handicaps exist for milliners, hairdressers, kindergarten teachers, usherettes, and cookery demonstrators. But then, choose a job with catching a man as your aim and you'll get that huntress look that sets a man running—in the opposite direction.

16. Leaving Certificate is preferred (from a Home Science school, if possible), but for girls with only the Intermediate there are Technical College courses for would-be demonstrators. Specific details are available from the college.

Training: It is usual to apply direct to a company which employs demonstrators; they provide a training course for from one to two years.

Salary: Varies with the company. Most 16-year-olds begin at about £7 a week; a cookery teacher can make £16 and more.

W.R.A.A.F.

(Women's Royal Australian Air Force.)

There are 28 trades for women in the Air Force—among them clerks, tracers, cooks, service policewomen, and the medical section.

Qualifications: Between 18-34; Intermediate Certificate an advantage; single, or a widow without dependents. Girls are signed on for four years, with options of extending this in two-year periods. Details from Recruiting Officer, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

Training: The Air Force tries to put girls in the same jobs they had as civilians. Without previous experience, specific Air Force training depends on promise shown. When accepted into the service, they go to Point Cook, Victoria, for a five weeks' introductory course.

Prospects: Promotion is up to the individual. In the first four years she can become a sergeant in some trades, flight-sergeant in others. Commissioned rank comes next.

Salary: Varies in each trade. As an example, a cook's assistant receives £8 a week at first (plus free board and lodging and uniform allowance); a more skilled trade receives £9.

W.R.A.N.

(Women's Royal Australian Navy.)

Navy careers for women include clerical work, cookery, radio operation, radar plotting, driving, sick-berth attendants, and stewardesses.

Qualifications: Minimum age, 18. No particular educational standard is required (Navy trains personnel after enlistment), but Intermediate Certificate is an advantage.

Training: Varies between two and six months for branches of the service. Details from Recruiting Officer, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

Prospects: Other ranks' promotion reaches chief petty officer. Future commissioned officers are selected by unit officer and trained at H.M.A.S. Cerberus, Victoria.

Salary: Recruits receive 21/9 a day for the first six months. In addition they get free uniform, board, and meals. Further increases are dependent on the branch of the service.

W.R.A.A.C.

(Women's Royal Australian Army Corps.)

The Army offers a variety of careers for women—clerical workers, drivers, cooks, technical storewomen, etc.

Qualifications: From 18 to 30 years old, with a reasonable standard of primary education, physically fit, at least 5ft.

tall, and of good character. Further details from Assistant Director of the W.R.A.A.C., Victoria Barracks.

Training: Recruits go to Melbourne for initial training of six weeks, then to the training school of the branch they have chosen.

Prospects: Promotion to N.C.O. and officer rank requires at least an Intermediate Certificate. Anyone can apply for promotion.

Salary: A private living at home receives £12/12/-; at camp, £9/7/3. Trained women get up to £15/19/8. There are other pay increases with promotion.

CLOTHING INDUSTRY

Jobs available include designing master patterns, cutting, sorting cut-out cloth, making up garments, finishing garments, and pressing.

Qualifications: Cutting and designing require a knowledge of mathematics, drawing and design, artistic ability, and imagination. At least Intermediate standard. Girls serve a four-year apprenticeship.

Training: After three months on probation the apprentice signs an indentured agreement with the employer. The apprentice is also expected to attend special courses at the Technical College.

Salary: Juniors and apprentices receive £4/8/- at 16, increasing to £9/9/6 in four years. Adults get a minimum of £10/15/6 (machinist) and £11/16/6 (cutter). Skilled

Salary: Beginning at £5/18/1, to £10/16/4 in five years. Adult rate is £12/19/-—rate for an ornamental pastrycook is slightly higher at £13/5/-.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

A kindergarten teacher or nursery-school teacher looks after children from two to five years of age. Her main job is to teach children to live amicably together; preparing them for later life.

Qualifications: 17 years old, with Leaving Certificate (including a pass in English) or equivalent. Girls also need a genuine interest in children and unlimited patience with them.

Training: There are three-year courses at Sydney Kindergarten Training College and Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association. Details from them. Subjects include psychology, pre-school education, child development, hygiene, arts, crafts, biology, and music. Fees are about £60 a year.

Salary: From £546 a year, can increase to £800 for a senior director, but salaries vary.

HAIRDRESSER

A hairdresser cuts and dresses hair, shampoos, sets, gives permanent waves, tints, and dyes.

Qualifications: Between 15-18. No fixed educational standard, but Intermediate Certificate is an advantage.

Training: A four-year indentured apprenticeship at an approved hairdressing salon, plus a three-year technical college

course (where available). Details from Sydney Technical College.

Salary: Beginning at £4/4/4 for first-year apprentice, increasing yearly to £11/14/6 for a trained hairdresser. Most girls make considerably more with commission and tips.

RECEPTIONIST

Receptionists receive visitors to the firm or patients to the doctor who employs them. They take telephone calls, keep appointment books, send out accounts and some correspondence.

Qualifications: Minimum age varies with the job. Intermediate Certificate an advantage; so is shorthand, typing, and book-keeping.

Training: Usually "on the job," learning how the firm operates and how to answer clients' questions.

Salary: £8/4/8 minimum at 18 to £11/16/6 at 23, but largely depends on employer.

BUS CONDUCTRESS

A conductress normally works irregular hours. She gets free uniforms, free travel to and from work, a free pass for herself and family during five weeks' annual leave, and liberal sick-pay allowances.

Qualifications: Age, between 19 and 35; Good health, and must be able to pass a simple test in arithmetic and dictation. At least 5ft. tall.

Training: Takes three days, when the trainees learn the fare system, the safe working of

their vehicles, and departmental procedure.

Salary: Averages £17 (including overtime). Government Transport Employment Bureau for details.

POLICEWOMAN

There are two classifications: (1) Uniformed police, who lecture on safety and do traffic duty outside schools; (2) the plainclothes section, who assist detectives in criminal-investigation work.

Qualifications: Single girls or widows between 21 and 35. At least 5ft. 6in., physically fit. Applicants must pass an educational examination.

Training: A 12 months' part-time course (while on duty) at the Police Training Centre.

Salary: £1038 a year, plus various allowances.

LIBRARIAN

There are two main types of libraries: (1) subscription, which distributes popular fiction and demands only clerical proficiency; and (2) public and educational libraries.

Qualifications: Under 30. Leaving Certificate with matriculation. Prepared to study (probably at night) for a university degree. Good health, a systematic mind, good memory, and wide interest in literature and current affairs.

Training: Juniors begin with checking and tidying shelves and other routine jobs. Later, they advance to reference work, learn cataloguing and classifying. The Public Library of N.S.W. conducts two courses.

Prospects: A university library or research work in commerce, industry.

Salary: Varies considerably from about £553 a year at 18 to £996 for a university graduate at 23.

MILLINER

Milliners design and make hats, both models and ready to wear.

Qualifications: A talent for needlework and originality, and artistic ability. It is easier to get an apprenticeship with a large manufacturing firm than with a small salon.

Training: A four-year apprenticeship. Most metropolitan and country technical colleges have millinery classes.

Salary: For beginner under 18, £4/8/-, increasing to the adult rate of £10/19/- . These are minimum award wages.

JOURNALIST

The main fields are reporting, feature-writing, and sub-editing. A highly competitive profession.

Qualifications: Leaving Certificate, ability to write quickly, good English, shorthand and typing, enthusiasm, and willingness to work at any hour.

Training: A four-year cadetship in which cadets work under senior reporters and attend weekly lectures. Details from the Australian Journalists' Association or any newspaper.

Prospects: Depend almost entirely on ability.

Salary: First-year cadets get £10/15/-, rising to £18/5/6 in the fourth year. Journalists are then graded, with salary for the lowest grade at £21.

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Genuine photographs of two lettuce plants set out at the same time. The ZEST treated plant at right quickly shot ahead, grew greener, healthier. A 5/9 packet makes over 2 cwt. of active plant food.

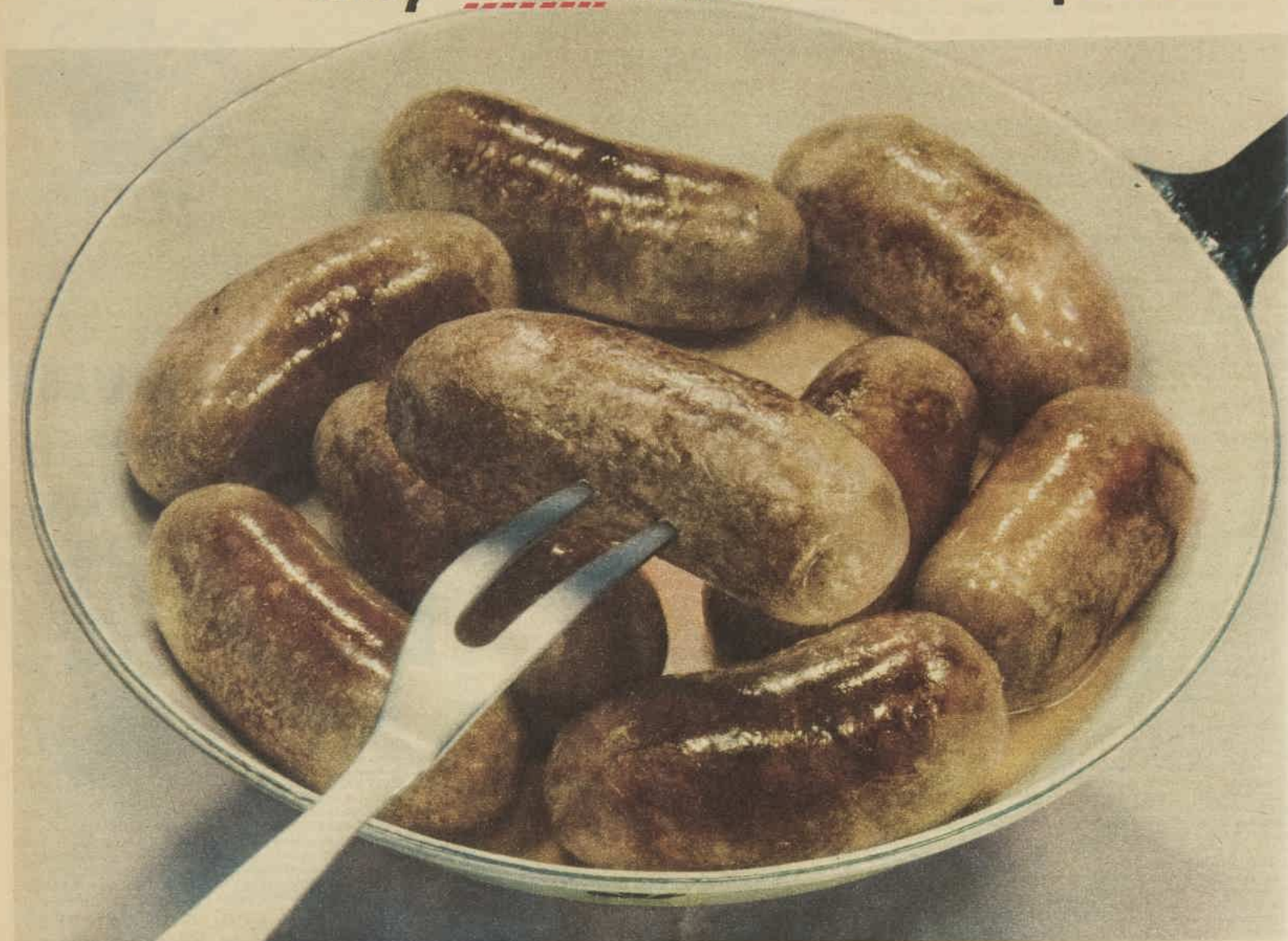


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To page 59

So full of prime lean meat
they don't shrink in the pan!



BEST WAY TO FRY: Melt 1 teaspoon of fat in a pan. Fry sausages slowly for about 15 minutes, turning frequently. Do not prick sausages before or while cooking.

ANDERSONS

FAMOUS PORK SAUSAGES

You can't judge a sausage by its cover — but you can judge its quality by shrinkage in the pan! Andersons fresh pork sausages stay plump, juicy and delicious because they're made from prime lean meat — selected and country-killed in Andersons own abattoirs. This — and the fact that Andersons have been making quality sausages for generations — explains their special succulence and flavour that are tops with everyone.



Andersons Sausages are branded!

Other brands of sausages and smallgoods are sometimes sold as Andersons. Before you buy — look for the name Andersons, and accept nothing less! The name Andersons is your guarantee of quality.



Best for Barbecues!

Andersons famous sausages are your best buy for barbecues and picnics. They go further, have a finer flavour, supply more body-building protein.



Did you know that all day, every day, Andersons refrigerated vans are delivering fresh supplies? Their quality and freshness safeguards your family's health.

Did you know that Andersons make the largest, choicest range of sausages and smallgoods? People who want quality want Andersons... and accept nothing less! ^{A59}



"Home on the Pig's Back"

Ask for **ANDERSONS**
... taste the quality difference

Choosing a career

Continued from
page 57

● A common mistake is to be lured into a job only by the big money it pays. Big money is very tempting, but it isn't everything. Your job will take up 40 hours of every week, and if you don't like your work it soon becomes 40 hours of drudgery every week. Not even a fat pay-packet can compensate for this.

RETAIL-STORE ASSISTANT

Assistants work a 40-hour week, generally get commission on sales, and are given a discount on purchases from employers.

Qualifications: Minimum age, 15. Neatness and a knowledge of English, mathematics, and the ability to sell.

Training: Juniors begin by wrapping parcels, running messages, and learning store procedures.

Prospects: Promotion to section head or departmental buyer requires initiative and specialised training. The Technical College has various evening courses.

Salary: Under 16, £5/7/10 a week, increasing to £11/16/6 at 23—these are minimum award rates.

AIR HOSTESS

An air hostess serves meals, looks after the sick, reassures the nervous, cares for children, works irregular hours and on public holidays.

Qualifications: At least 21. Height and weight requirements vary. First-aid certificate. Intermediate Certificate. Good grooming.

Training: Airlines require hostesses to complete a training course of about six weeks,

with examinations at the end.

Salary: Varies between companies, but, while training, averages £13/8/6, with annual increases of £1.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

Occupational therapy is designed to help people recover from injury or disease.

Qualifications: Age 17. Leaving Certificate or matriculation.

Training: Australian Association of Occupational Therapists conducts a 2 years, 8 months' course in Sydney. Fees total £215. Students supply materials, books, and uniforms. Commonwealth scholarships are available.

Salary: A trained occupational therapist receives £14/5/6 a week for the first year, increasing to £16/15/6 in the fifth year.

FLORIST

A florist needs a good color-sense, creative ability, and a love of flowers.

Qualifications: The Intermediate Certificate is an advantage. At least 16.

Training: No definite programme. Details from any leading florist.

Salary: £6/9/5 at 16, increasing each year to £11/16/6 at 23.

WINDOW DRESSER

Main opportunities for women are in smaller speciality stores.

Qualifications: Intermediate Certificate, artistic ability.

Training: The preparation of display areas, how to assemble displays, select merchandise.

Salary: Junior of 16, £5/10/-, increasing to £12/5/6, senior rate.

DENTAL NURSE

A dental nurse mixes fillings, prepares instruments, and usually acts as receptionist.

Qualifications: Minimum age 16. Intermediate Certificate.

Training: The Dental Assistants' Association of N.S.W. has a 12-month course for trainees covering elementary pathology, anatomy, radiology, theatre procedures, office management. Details from the association.

Salary: £6/1/7 at 16, to £11/16/- minimum at 21.

TICKET WRITER

A ticket writer letters by hand display cards and posters used in shops, manufacturing firms, advertising, theatre displays.

Qualifications: Good eyesight, patience, ability to spell,

and artistic ability with brush and pen.

Training: Most firms train ticket writers, and students are expected to attend the three-year technical college course.

Salary: Varies. Average for junior is £5/10/-. Basic senior rate is £11/16/6.

SOCIAL WORKER

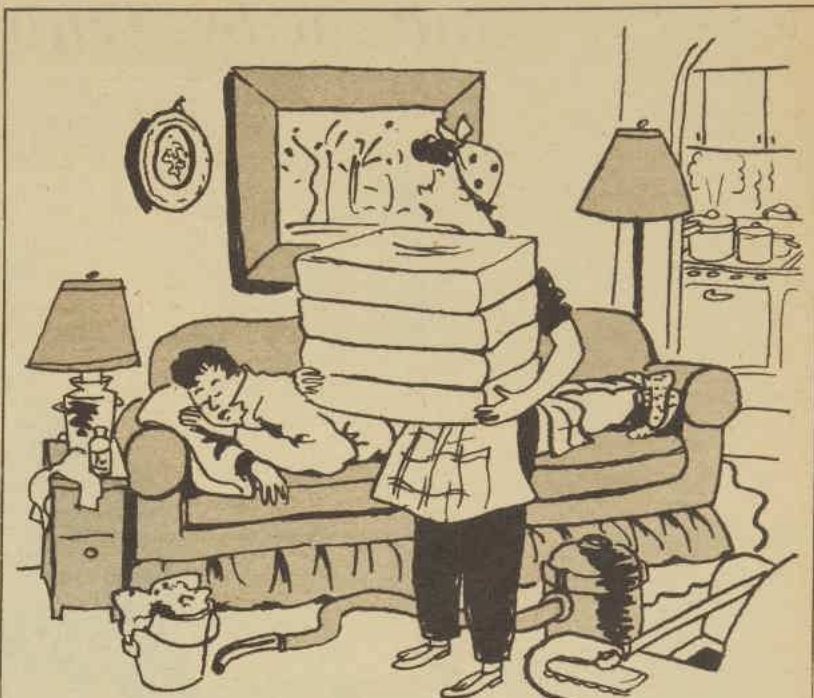
Opportunities are in social case work with individuals and families, social group work, community organisation, teaching, and research.

Qualifications: At least 17, with matriculation if under 25.

Training: A three-year uni-

versity course including some Arts subjects. Details from the Director, Department of Social Work, University of Sydney. Fees average £300. Commonwealth scholarships are available.

Salary: Social workers begin at about £15 or £16 a week.



"I don't know why I gave up a forty-hour week as a stenographer for this!"

NEW WAY TO SPEED RECOVERY!

Glucona—the sparkling new glucose health drink



This picture shows how much children love the golden sparkle and refreshing flavour of Glucona. It also shows how pleased Mother is that her daughter is making such a quick and healthy recovery from illness—thanks to Glucona!



This picture shows that Dad is over-tired—almost exhausted. A glass of sparkling Glucona will pick him up *quickly*, because it is rich in pure, energy-building medicinal glucose. And Glucona is even more refreshing when it's chilled!



This picture shows how necessary it is to have Glucona ready when feeling "off colour." Sparkling Glucona settles upset stomachs and is a delicious source of nourishing food and energy—*particularly when even light foods cannot be kept down.*



Glucona is recommended by the medical profession and enjoyed in hospitals everywhere. As Glucona contains its own Vitamin B, combined with the glucose, it starts immediately to build up fresh reserves of energy and stamina—pours new life into you... so you recover quicker. Buy sparkling Glucona from your chemist.

HP355

*"This year we'll take it easy
and go by Train"*



Happy Holidays Begin With Air-Conditioned Train Travel.

From the moment your journey begins, it's armchair luxury all the way. Beyond the wide-vision windows — each of them like a giant TV screen — a never-ending vista of changing scenery parades before your view. And no matter what the weather outside, it's always Spring inside an air-conditioned train.

Comfort, ease and relaxation — these are your travelling companions. Services include buffet diner . . . or tray service at your seat . . . the choice of your favourite beverage . . . a courteous staff to attend to your needs. Bookings may be made six months ahead for the Sydney-Melbourne Daylight Express and 14 days ahead for other trains. For full details inquire at any railway station or travel agency — or ring MA 9461 between 7 a.m. and 9.30 p.m., Sundays to Fridays, or from 7 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. on Saturdays.



For train travel anywhere in Australia — complete tours — planned itineraries — concessional rates for group travellers — write, call or phone (BA 3018) the Railway Travel Bureau, Sydney Station.



**NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT
RAILWAYS**



TAKE IT EASY-TAKE THE TRAIN!

Brynnner, Kerr together again

★ "The Journey" brings together stars Yul Brynnner and Deborah Kerr for the first time since their triumph in "The King and I" three years ago.

IT is the story of 14 international travellers trapped in Budapest when the Russians moved in following the abortive Hungarian rising of November, 1956.

At that time Brynnner, Ingrid Bergman, and producer-director Anatole Litvak were making "Anastasia," and the two men had already decided that they would like to work together again on an independent picture.

The stirring events that were happening in Budapest supplied them with the story.

With the object of making "The Journey," Litvak and Brynnner combined their ideas, money, and initials to form Alby Productions, and while the script was still being worked on M.G.M. agreed to release the film when made.

Deborah Kerr plays a

beautiful, idealistic Englishwoman, Lady Diana Ashmore, and Brynnner a dynamic and very intelligent Russian officer, Major Surov.

From Budapest airport, where they are stranded, the 14 travellers are ordered to proceed by bus to the Austrian border and safety.

A routine check carried out at a Hungarian border village leads to an explosive emotional collision between the Eastern and Western ideologies as exemplified by Kerr and Brynnner.

Litvak spent a full two years in Europe doing preliminary work on the picture, which was shot on locations in Austria and at the Rosenhugel Studios in Vienna.

Most of the hundreds of extras used are survivors of the historical events depicted.

Films

WITH
AINSLIE
BAKER



STARS of "The Journey," Yul Brynnner and Deborah Kerr, in a dramatic scene from the film. Brynnner plays a Russian major and Deborah an idealistic titled Englishwoman. They meet during the stirring days of the Hungarian revolt of 1956.



FIRST appearance together for Yul Brynnner and Deborah Kerr was in the musical romance "The King and I." Here they are in one of that popular film's many memorable scenes. Brynnner made his name playing the same role on Broadway.

BRYNNER (right) as he appears in another new film, "The Sound and the Fury." He is said to have a preference for costume films, or at least ones where he can wear some form of uniform and be seen with his shaven head.



Hair Setting Tip

For your hair to dry quickly and with a nicer wave, don't dampen with water but rather use a little lemon delfin skin freshener. The delfin gives a firm wave without being hard and it dries very quickly. It also removes film and adds pretty highlights. To tame unruly tresses, just touch here and there with your oil of ulan and your waves will be neat and pretty.

... Margaret Merril.



SAVE EES ON HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you
15 fragrant hairsets for 4 10
So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

● You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

TELEVISION PARADE

● The Perry Mason Show (Channel 9, Tuesdays 8.30 p.m.) is famous for many things — its coveted rating position, its Erle Stanley Gardner stories, its good-looking star, Raymond Burr, and his charming secretary, Della Street, who never gets her man.

DELLA'S role is played by brunette Barbara Hale, who years ago was well known in films. Barbara intrigues TV fans.

"I seem to remember her in films, but otherwise she's a mystery," one of them wrote. "I find that quite a few of my friends are similarly intrigued."

For all Barbara's fans, and I'm one of them, I've dug back into the files and found that in real life Barbara did get her man in 1946—and has lived happily with him ever since.

Barbara's husband, Bill Williams, is an actor. She dotes on him, puts life as a wife and mother first and TV stardom last.

The Williams' have three children, ranging from a daughter of 11 down. The family live in an early-American ranch-type house in the San Fernando Valley, and Barbara is happiest there wearing one of the frilly aprons which she insists "go with" the house.

Hollywood experts say that giving Barbara the role of Della Street is television's most delightfully incongruous casting.

Della, as fans know, is an independent, unblushing career girl, first with the acid wise-crack, the shrewd observation that helps Perry Mason to courtroom success.

Barbara Hale is the exact opposite. Even at 37, and with years of film work behind her, she is credited with the prettiest blush in Hollywood.

She is said to be the most popular person on the Perry Mason set. Stories of the

by

NAN MUSGROVE

tributes paid to her daily by her fellow workers are legion.

Barbara came by her smooth TV acting the hard way.

She never wanted to be an actress. She was raised in a small town in Illinois named Rockford and left there to attend art school in Chicago. A chance contact sidetracked her into modelling, thence to R.K.O. and Hollywood.

You might remember some of her pictures. They include "Heavenly Days," "Lady Luck," "First Man into Tokyo," "The Belle of the

Yukon," "Tomorrow Is Here," "Jolson Sings Again."

"Jolson Sings Again" was made in 1949, and after that the files show that Barbara slipped out of the film limelight. It seems that about this time she retired to that early-American ranch-house and family life in earnest.

She met her husband, Bill, at R.K.O. studios and married him after a two-year studio courtship. Again, contrary to the usual high-life Hollywood romance, the Williams' did their courting over chocolate sodas in the studio canteen, not in plushy nightclubs.

To complete the Hale record, Barbara is 5ft. 5½in. tall, weighs just under 9 stone, has hazel eyes and brown hair. Her favorite foods are scrambled eggs and fried chicken.

And to round off the Perry Mason story, I was intrigued to find that tall, handsome Paul Drake, Perry's legman, is William Hopper, son of Hedda Hopper, Hollywood gossip-writer and famous hat-wearer.

THE early days of TV, when many cartoons dating back to the bad old jerky days of animation were shown,

ACTRESS Barbara Hale, better known to TV fans as Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary.

cured me of an addiction to cartoons, but Channel 9 has reintroduced me to their joys with two new ones, "Tom Terrific" and "Huckleberry Hound."

They are both specially made for TV and, although they come on the end of the Mickey Mouse Club, they're not kid stuff.

"Tom Terrific" (every night Monday to Friday at 6.25) is made by the Terry Toon Company and "Huckleberry Hound" by M.G.M., the orig-

inators of the Tom and Jerry cartoons.

You'll recognise some old friends in "Huckleberry Hound" (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6.30).

Most fascinating is Yogi Bear, whose voice is actually that of Art Carney, of "The Honeymooners" (Channel 9, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.).

I don't know who is the voice of the cat Mr. Jenks, but it's a splendid imitation of that great lover Marlon Brando.



THE SHADOW ON YOUR DAY

may be the harsh laxative habit!

End irregularity the gentle, natural way

How do you feel first thing in the morning? If you are waking tired, depressed and generally out of sorts, it could be that harsh laxatives are upsetting your digestion and depleting your reserves of energy. Purgatives only shock your system into action, so if you have come to depend on them you owe it to yourself to learn the facts.

You must treat the Cause.

When we try to correct constipation with harsh laxatives, two things happen. Their drastic forcing action leaves us nervy and tired — and we find that one dose simply leads to another. Yet these purgatives can never give lasting relief because they don't reach the cause of constipation — which is lack of bulk in the over-refined foods we eat.

A food — not a medicine.

The safe, natural way to relieve constipation is to restore bulk to the daily diet by enjoying All-Bran.

Kellogg's crisp whole-bran cereal. Instead of robbing you of energy, All-Bran builds you up because it is a food, not a medicine.

When you enjoy All-Bran and milk every morning, you get the benefit of 8 important nutritional elements, as well as high-quality protein and the bulk your system must have for natural regularity.

MUST SATISFY YOU — OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.

VITAMINS B₁, B₂, IRON
NIACIN PHOSPHORUS

If, after 10 days, All-Bran does not satisfy you in every way, return the empty packet to Kellogg's and they will refund double what you paid for it.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

K550

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 4, 1959



The *difference* you can SEE . . . makes the *difference* you can TASTE!



Gold-lined cans protect
the Swiss-Style richness of
**TONGALA
MILK**



Taste the *difference* in this
'TOPSY TURVY' ICE CREAM



1 tin Tongala Evaporated Milk (chilled); 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tin Hargreaves sliced Pineapple; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water; strawberries; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar; pinch salt.

Drain pineapple and reserve half a cup of the syrup. Line a refrigerator tray with waxed paper and arrange drained pineapple slices on the bottom. Place a strawberry in the centre of each. Melt gelatine in hot water. Stir till dissolved and allow to cool. Whip milk until thick and fluffy. Add salt, sugar, cooled gelatine and half a cup of pineapple syrup. Pour into prepared tray and freeze. To serve, turn out of tray and cut in slices. Place each on a pretty plate with the pineapple slice centred with strawberry uppermost.

Try it with **HARGREAVES**
sliced pineapple . . . *it's delicious*

... and when Condensed Milk makes it better ...

TONGALA
makes it best!



In cans
and handy
HYGIENIC
TUBES



For quick and easy T.V. snacks keep a supply of TONGALA Party Mayonnaise on hand. Simple and delicious Party Mayonnaise is made by combining 1 tin TONGALA sweetened condensed milk with 1 teaspoon mustard, half teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons vinegar and the juice of one lemon.



Always keep a stock of **TONGALA STERILISED MILK** . . . *it's pure natural cow's milk!*

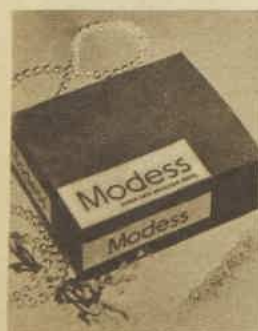
fashion today



... spotlights the bloused-back and straight skirt. This version features a ribbon drawstring and feminine bow. Vogue Design No. 112.

Fashionable women retain that air of quiet confidence, every day—they knowingly choose Modess. Modess with gauze cover or super-soft Masslinn features a wider napkin, full-length "Safety-Shield" and side strips.

Modess



Packs of 12, 2/11. Packs of 24, 5/6
Super-absorbent Hospital Napkins,
3/3

To complete your
comfort, choose from
the exclusive range
of Modess Belts.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON — THE MOST
TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

New Film Releases

★★★ DON QUIXOTE

Russian version of the Spanish literary classic, with Nikolai Cherkasov, Yuri Tolubeyev. English dialogue. In Agfacolor, CinemaScope. Esquire, Sydney.

MOSCOW'S Lenfilm Studios have produced a "Don Quixote" that seems an almost perfect interpretation of the great Cervantes classic.

It would take a brave man to tackle the role of the gentle, foolish knight after seeing Cherkasov's truly noble performance.

Tall and spindly as a beanstalk, with a dreamer's gaunt and unworldly face, he is the very embodiment of the would-be slayer of dragons, rescuer of ladies in distress, and righter of humanity's wrongs.

By his side, insulated by his peasant's fat, caution, and cowardice, rides forth the humpty-dumpty figure of Tolubeyev's Sancho Panza.

The scenes of these two, mounted on rangy white horse and jogging donkey, silhouetted against a barren countryside, are a memory to cherish.

The humor and gusty peasant vigor of the crowd scenes are replaced by a startlingly dramatic elegance at the ducal court.

Unevenness of color and sometimes too abrupt transitions are minor blemishes.

This is Russia's second version of the Cervantes story. Its predecessor, made in black and white, had the great bass singer Chaliapin in the Quixote role and English comedian George Robey as Sancho.

In a word . . . **NOTABLE.**

★ THESE DANGEROUS YEARS

Warner drama, with Frankie Vaughan, Carole Lesley, George Baker. Palace, Sydney.

BBRITISH rock singer Vaughan—a somewhat elderly young man of the Presley persuasion—makes his acting debut in this story about Liverpool slum boys of military call-up age.

Caught in the draft, the former gang-leader is soon in serious trouble, breaks out of camp, and, with the police and military on his trail, makes for his old haunts.

Carole, an espresso-bar waitress awaiting her chance as a singer, and Baker, the padre who believes that all the boys need is understanding, stand staunchly by Vaughan through his troubles.

Lively little Jackie Lane is Carole's pony-tailed roommate, and Lloyd Lamble, formerly well known in Australia, adds another portrait to his long gallery of policemen.

This is the first independent production of the ladylike Anna Neagle. Its moments of truth are few, and generally it is a pretty corny, shoddy little offering.

In a word . . . **UNREWARDING.**

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Rank Organisation drama, with Kenneth More. State, Sydney.

A FAIRLY straightforward and documentary approach has been chosen to bring to the screen the major sea tragedy of the sinking, within four hours, of the giant liner Titanic.

She was on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York in 1912 when she struck an iceberg. Fifteen hundred of the supposedly unsinkable luxury liner's 2207 passengers were drowned in the icy Atlantic.

More's role as the second officer is by no means a dominating one and he plays it in the team spirit—for what it is worth and no more.

A huge cast of supporting players, admirably chosen, give the sort of staunch support that is one of the strengths of better British films—and, indeed, sometimes of their worst.

An exception is Michael Goodliffe as the Titanic's builder, who underplays to an extent that weakens many of the key scenes where the drama should be mounting.

British coolness, in fact, has been a little overdone. Too many women in first-class cabins protest haughtily of the inconvenience and too few passengers show signs of even elementary initiative and awareness of danger.

Perhaps the film is leaning over a little too far backwards to establish the general mood of complacency distinguishing that golden age of pre-1914 prosperity.

In a word . . . **SOBERING.**

Movie news

INGRID BERGMAN'S husband, Lars Schmidt, wants her to do a play for him in Paris—"La Route de New York," by the brilliant Preston Sturges.

Schmidt will produce it at the Theatre de Paris, where Ingrid and Lars first met over two years ago when she was playing in the French version of "Tea and Sympathy."

★ ★ ★

GERMAN teenage favorite Romy Schneider, who specialises in "young girl in love with an older man" roles, has a date soon in Paris to make a film with Curt Jurgens.

The picture, "Katia," is a remake of a pre-war film that starred Danielle Darrieux and John Loder, one-time husband of Hedy Lamarr.

"So hygienic . . .
and refreshing too!"



Judith Godley—well-known Artist's model—says: "After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. I find it most refreshing and invigorating."

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

. . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

SOLD ONLY
BY CHEMISTS



DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



not, you feel, in any great danger."

"What do you suppose is the matter with her?" Alleyn asked, and remembered what he had heard her saying as she left Father Jourdain on Saturday night. The priest's eyes were expressionless. "We are not really concerned," he said, "with Miss Abbott's unhappiness, I think."

"Oh," Alleyn said, "it's a sort of reflex action for me to wonder why people behave as they do. When we had the discussion about alibis, her distress over the Aubyn Dale programme of the night of January the fifteenth was illuminating, I thought."

"I thought it puzzling," said Tim. "Do you know, I actually found myself wondering—I can't think why—if she was the victim and not the viewer that night?"

"I think she was the viewer," Father Jourdain looked sharply at Alleyn and then walked over to the porthole and stared out.

"As for the victim—" Alleyn went on, "the woman, do you remember, who told Dale she didn't like to announce her

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 54]

engagement because it would upset her great friend?" He broke off, and Tim said, "You're not going to suggest that Miss Abbott was the great friend?"

"At least it would explain her reactions to the programme."

After a short silence Tim said idly, "What does she do?"

Has she a job, do you know?" Without turning his head, Father Jourdain said, "She works for a firm of music publishers. She is quite an authority on early church music, particularly the Gregorian chants."

Tim said involuntarily, "I imagine, with that voice, she doesn't sing them herself."

"On the contrary," Alleyn rejoined, "she does. Very pleasantly, I heard her on the night we sailed from Las Palmas."

"She has a most unusual voice," Father Jourdain said. "If she were a man it would be a counter tenor. She represented her firm at a conference on church music three weeks ago in Paris. I went over for it and saw her there."

"My dear," she wrote to her friend, "I've nubbled the Gorgon's Brute! My dear, too gratifying! Nothing, to coin a phrase, tangible. As yet! But marked attention! And with the tropical moon being what it is, I feel something rather nice may eventuate. In the meantime, I promise you, I've only to wander off after dinner to my so suitable little verandah and he's after me in a flash. A.D., my dear, rapidly becoming pea-green, which is always so gratifying. Aren't I hopeless—but what fun!!!!"

She was evidently a person of importance."

"Was she, indeed?" Alleyn murmured, and then, briskly: "Well, as you say, we are not immediately concerned with Miss Abbott. The sun's going down. It's time we went on duty."

On the evenings of the eleventh and twelfth, according to plan, Alleyn devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Dillington-Blick. This manoeuvre brought about the evident chagrin of Aubyn Dale, the amusement of Tim, the surprise of Brigid, and the greedy observance of Mrs. Cuddy. Mrs. Dillington-Blick herself was delighted.

"My dear," she wrote to her friend, "I've nubbled the Gorgon's Brute! My dear, too gratifying! Nothing, to coin a phrase, tangible. As yet! But marked attention! And with the tropical moon being what it is, I feel something rather nice may eventuate. In the meantime, I promise you, I've only to wander off after dinner to my so suitable little verandah and he's after me in a flash. A.D., my dear, rapidly becoming pea-green, which is always so gratifying. Aren't I hopeless—but what fun!!!!"

On the night of the thirteenth, when they were all having coffee, Aubyn Dale suddenly decided to give a supper-party in his private sitting-room. It was equipped with a phonograph on which he proposed to play some of his own records.

"Everybody invited," he said largely, waving his brandy glass. "I won't take no for an answer." And, indeed, it would have been difficult under the circumstances for anybody to attempt to refuse, though

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Mr. Merryman and Tim looked as if they would have liked to do so.

The "suite" turned out to be a grand affair. There were a great many signed photographs of Aubyn Dale's poppet and of several celebrities, and one of Aubyn Dale himself, bowing before the grandest celebrity of all. There was a pigskin writing-case and a pigskin record-carrier. There were actually some monogrammed Turkish cigarettes, a present, Dale explained with boyish ruefulness, from a potentate who was one of his most ardent fans.

And almost at once there was a great deal to drink. Mr. McAngus was given a trick glass that poured his drink over his chin and was not quite as amused as the captain, the Cuddys, and Mrs. Dillington-Blick, though he took it quite quietly. Aubyn Dale apologised with the air of a chidden child and did several very accurate imitations of his fellow celebrities in television. Then they listened to four records, including one of Dale himself doing an Empire Day talk on how to be broadminded though British, in which he laid a good deal of stress on the national trait of being able to laugh at ourselves.

"How proud we are of it, too," Tim muttered crossly to Brigid.

After the fourth record most of the guests began to be overtaken by the drowsiness of the tropics. Miss Abbott was the first to excuse herself and everybody else except Mrs. Dillington-Blick and the captain followed her lead. Brigid had developed a headache in the overcrowded room and was glad to get out into the fresh air. She and Tim sat on the starboard side under Mr. McAngus' porthole. There was a small ship's lamp in the deck-head above them.

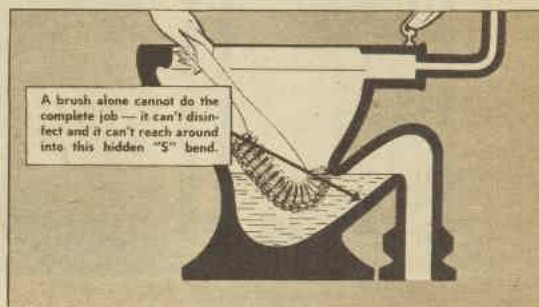
"Only five minutes," Brigid said. "I'm for bed after that."

To page 66

Now

Keep your toilet fresh and bright

— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER

REGD.

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

HPI52R

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we will pay £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

RECENTLY in a combined sports day the mothers were given a chance to run in a relay team. Taking the baton in my turn, I sped flat out down the track, thinking I was doing well.

After the race, my 12-year-old daughter asked: "What did you slow up for, Mum?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. H. Scanlon, Bell Post Office, N.S.W.

AFTER staying with friends in the country for the weekend, my husband said:

"She (the lass he stayed with) reminds me of you. She made a special cake for the visitors and it fell in the middle."

£2/2/- to Mrs. A. Hill, Bulleen, Vic.

• Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

One "magic" touch creates glorious skin tone! Glowing new make-up that adds radiance to your natural skin tone by day and night.

Lournay Make 'n' day

FLUID MAKE-UP

BLONDE • BEIGE
ROSE • SUNNY 10/-

Lournay

fine... fine... fine

the perfumed flattery of

Lournay

FACE
POWDER

Fluff on this delicate Lournay face powder and see how it clings without caking or streaking. It does not smother the natural loveliness of your skin as heavy face powders do. See how Lournay hides every tiny imperfection and gives your skin a faultless finish that lasts hour after hour.

8 HEAVENLY SHADES

Frangipani • Dawn Pink • Peachbloom • Magnolia
Golden Glow • Roseglow • Sunkissed • Gipsytan 6/6

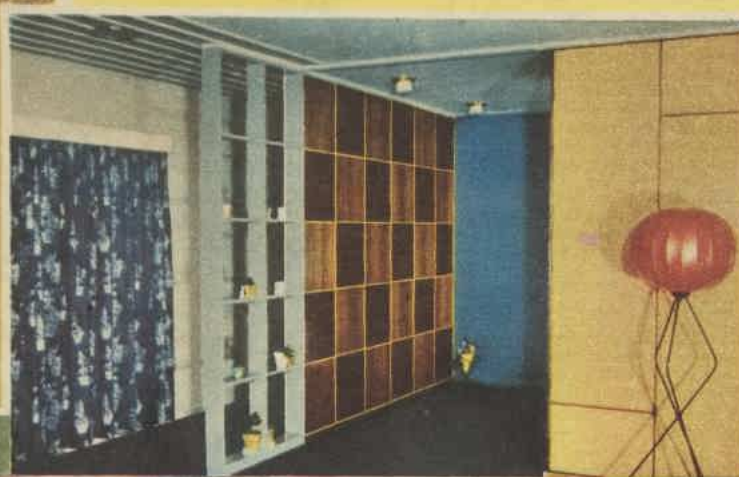
Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia.

GUILD CHEMIST

H168

Page 65

... now with MODERN PLYWOOD you can afford the beauty of fashionable natural timber



Discover NOW the wonderful wealth of plywood possibilities for superbly beautiful interiors. Your floors, walls, ceilings, built-in fixtures can all be more lovely and lasting with special adaptations of the same basic material—PLYWOOD. It brings the matchless charm of natural timber made stronger and more useful. Here is unique scope to express your individuality in home planning with plywood, for beauty, durability and economy.

Above: Here is a featured wall that presents all timber's rich beauty with the added interest of contrast panels of strikingly-grained, polished plywood.

Above left: Kitchen cupboards of great strength and rigidity are made of ply-sheeted solid core, with plywood fronts. Plywood walls and ceilings provide ideal surface for all gloss paints.

Left: Here plywood floor tiles blend harmoniously with walls and ceiling finishes in modern plywood surfacings.

**LOOK FOR
PLYWOOD IN FURNITURE**

The furniture trend is more than ever to natural timber. Before you buy, ask the salesman, and make sure your furniture is made from genuine, natural-timber solid core and Plywood. Don't take second best. Plywood means the highest quality.

TIME ONLY ENRICHES THE BEAUTY OF WOOD.

Get full information on all the wonderful ways to plan with Plywood. Write to:

AUSTRALIAN PLYWOOD BOARD

129 Creek St., Brisbane Phone 31 2521
Branch office: 18 Martin Place, Sydney



POST NOW!

The Australian Plywood Board, 129 Creek Street, Brisbane
Please send me full particulars of the uses of plywood for home construction and decoration.

NAME

ADDRESS

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 65

My head's behaving like a piano accordion."

"Have you got any aspirins?" "I can't be bothered hunting them out."

"I'll get you something. Don't move, will you?" Tim said, noting that the light from Mr. McAngus' porthole and from the ship's lamp fell across her chair. He could hear Mr. McAngus humming to himself in a reedy falsetto as he prepared for bed. "You will stay put," Tim said, "won't you?"

"Why shouldn't I? I don't feel at all like shinning up the rigging or going for a strapping walk. Couldn't we have that overhead light off? Not," Brigid said hurriedly, "in order to create a romantic gloom, I assure you, Tim. It shines in one's eyes, rather; that's all."

"The switch is down at the other end. I'll turn it off when I come back," he said. "I shan't be half a tick."

When he was gone Brigid lay back and shut her eyes. She listened to the ship's engines and to the sound of the sea and to Mr. McAngus' droning. This stopped after a moment and through her closed lids she was aware of a lessening of light. "He's turned his lamp off," she thought gratefully, "and has tucked his poor dithering old self up in his virtuous couch." She opened her eyes and saw the dim light in the deckhead above her.

The next moment it, too, went out.

"That's Tim coming back," she thought. "He has been quick."

She was now in almost complete blackness. A faint breeze lifted her hair. She heard no footfall, but she was conscious that someone had approached from behind her.

"Tim?" she said. Hands came down on her shoulders. She gave a little cry: "Oh, don't! You made me jump."

The hands shifted towards her neck and she felt her chain of pearls move and twist and break. She snatched at the hands and they were not Tim's.

"No!" she cried out. "No! Tim!"

There was a rapid thud of retreating feet. Brigid struggled out of her chair and ran down the dark tunnel of the covered deck into someone's arms.

"It's all right," Alleyn said. "You're all right. It's me."

A few seconds later Tim Makepiece came back.

Alleyn still held Brigid in his arms. She quivered and stammered and clutched at him like a frightened child.

"What the hell—" Tim began, but Alleyn stopped him.

"Did you turn out the deck-head lights?"

"No, Biddy, darling—"

"Did you meet anyone?"

"No, Biddy—"

"All right. Take over, will you? She'll tell you when she's got her second wind."

He disengaged her arms. "You're in clover," he said. "Here's your medical adviser."

She bolted into Tim's arms and Alleyn ran down the deck.

He switched on the overhead lights and followed round the centrecastle. He looked up and down companionways, along hatch combings, behind piles of folded chairs, and into recesses. He knew, as he hunted, he was too late. He found nothing but the old blankness of a ship's decks at night. On the excuse that he had lost his pocketbook with his passport and letters of credit, he aroused all the men, including Mr. Cuddy. Dale was still dressed and in his sitting-room. The others were in pyjamas and varying degrees of ill temper. He told Father Jourdain, briefly, what had happened and arranged that they would go, with Tim, to the captain.

THEN he returned to Brigid's chair. Her pearls were scattered on the deck and in the loose seat. He collected them and thought at first that otherwise he had drawn a blank. But at the last he found, clinging to the back of the chair, discolored and crushed, a scrap of something which, when he took it to the light, declared itself plainly enough. It was a tiny fragment of a flower petal.

It still retained, very faintly, the scent of hyacinth.

"Now," Alleyn demanded, standing over Captain Bannerman. "Now do you believe this murderer's on board? Do you?"

But as he said it he knew he was up against the unassailable opponent: the elderly man who has made up his mind and is temperamentally incapable of admitting he has made it up the wrong way.

"I'll be damned if I do," said Captain Bannerman.

"I am appalled to hear you say so."

The captain swallowed the end of his drink and clapped the glass down on the table. He looked from Alleyn to Father Jourdain, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, "You've got this stupid notion into your heads

and every footling little thing that takes place you make out is something to do with it. What takes place?"

"Little Miss Brigid is sitting all alone in her deck-chair. Some chap comes up and puts his hands on her shoulders. Playful, like. And what's unnatural in that? By gum, I wouldn't blame—" He pulled himself up, turned a darker shade of brick-red and continued, "On your own statement, she's got ideas into her head about these murders. Natural enough, I daresay, seeing how the lot of you can't let the matter alone but never stop talking about it. She's startled, like, and jumps up and runs away. Again—natural enough. But you come blustering up here and try to tell me she was nigh-on murdered. You won't get anywhere with me, that road. Someone's got to hang on to his commonsense in this ship and, by gum, that's going to be the master."

Father Jourdain said, "But it's not the one incident, it's the whole sequence, as Alleyn has shown us only too clearly. An embarkation paper in the hand of the girl on the wharf. The incident of the doll. The fact that singing was heard. The Peeping Tom at Miss Carmichael's porthole. Now this. What man among us, knowing these crimes are in all our minds, would play such a trick on her?"

"And what man among you would murder her—tell me that?"

Tim had been sitting with his head between his hands. He now looked up and said, "Sir, even if you do think there's nothing in it, surely there can be no harm in taking every possible precaution—?"

"What the devil have you all been doing if you haven't been taking precautions? Haven't I said just that, all along? Didn't I—?" he pointed his stubby finger at Alleyn—"get them all jabbering about alibis because you asked me to? Haven't I found out for you that the whole boiling went ashore the night we sailed, never mind if my own deck-hand thought I was barmy? Haven't I given out there's an undesirable character in my ship's company, which there isn't, and ordered the ladies to lock their doors? What the suffering cats more could I have done? Tell me that!"

Alleyn said instantly, "You could, you know, do something to ensure that there's no more wandering about deserted decks at night in Spanish dresses."

"I've told you. I won't have

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any interference with the rights of the individual in my ship."

"Will you let me say something unofficially about it?"

"No."

"Will you consider a complete showdown? Will you tell the passengers who I am and why I'm here? It'll mean no arrest, of course," Alleyn said, "but with the kind of threat that I believe hangs over this ship I'm prepared to admit defeat. Will you do this?"

"No."

"You realise that tomorrow is the night when, according to the considered opinion of experts, this man may be expected to go into action again?"

"He's not aboard my ship."

"And that Miss Carmichael," Father Jourdain intervened, "naturally will speak of her fears to the other ladies."

Tim said, "No."

"No?"

"No," Alleyn said. "She's not going to talk about it. She agrees that it might lead to a panic. She's a courageous child."

"She's been given a shock," Tim said angrily to the captain, "that may very easily have extremely serious results. I can't allow—"

"Dr. Makepiece, you'll be good enough to recollect you have signed on as a member of my ship's company."

"Certainly, sir."

The captain stared resentfully about him, made a petulant ejaculation and roared out, "Damn it, man, you can tell her to stay in bed all day tomorrow and the next day, too, can't you? Suffering from shock? All right. That gets her out of the way, doesn't it? Where is she now?"

"I've given her a sedative. She's asleep in bed. The door's locked and I've got the key."

"Well, keep it and let her stay there. The steward can take her meals. Unless you

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think he's the murderer," said the captain angrily.

"Where," Father Jourdain asked wearily, "is Mrs. Dillington-Blick?"

"In bed," the captain said at once, and added in a hurry, "She left Dale's suite when I did. I saw her to her cabin."

"They do lock their doors, don't they?"

"She did," said the captain morosely.

Father Jourdain got up. "If I may be excused," he said.

"It's very late. Past midnight."

"Yes," Alleyn said and he

"All right, all right," Alleyn said. "We'll just have to go on under our own steam. The suggestion, by the way, to keep Miss Carmichael in bed for twenty-four hours has its points."

Tim said grandly that he'd consider it. Father Jourdain asked if they were to do anything about the other women. Could they not emphasise that as Brigid had had an unpleasant experience it might be as

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



also rose. "It's February the fourteenth. Good-night, Captain Bannerman."

He had a brief session with Father Jourdain and Tim. The latter was in a rage. "That stupid old man," he kept saying. "Did you ever know such a stupid old man!"

well if the ladies were particularly careful not to wander about the deck at night without an escort.

Alleyn said, "We've done that already. But think a minute. Suppose one of them chose the wrong escort."

"You know, it's an extraordinary thing," Father Jourdain said after a moment, "but I keep forgetting it's one of us. I almost believe in the legend of the unsavory deckhand."

"I think it might be a good idea if you suggest a four of bridge or canasta. Mrs. Dillington-Blick plays both, doesn't she? Get Mrs. Cuddy and Miss Abbott to come in. Or if Dale and the other men will play you might get two fours going. Makepiece will look after Miss Carmichael."

"What'll you do?" Tim asked.

"I?" Alleyn asked. "Look on. Look round. Just look. Of course, they may refuse to play. In which case we'll have to use our wits. Heaven help us, and improvise. In the meantime, you probably both want to go to bed."

"And you, no doubt," said Father Jourdain.

"Oh," Alleyn said "I'm an owl by habit. See you in the morning. Good-night."

He was indeed trained to put up with long stretches of sleeplessness and faced the rest of the short night with equanimity. He changed into slacks, a dark shirt and rope-soled shoes and then began a systematic beat. Into the deserted lounge. Out on to the well-deck, past the little verandah where the two chaise longuees stood deserted. Round the hatch, and then to the cabin quarters and their two covered decks.

The portholes were all open. He listened outside each of them. The first cabin, facing aft and to the starboard side, was Mr. Merryman's. It appeared to be in darkness, but after a moment he saw that a blue point glowed somewhere inside. It was the little night light above the bed. Alleyn stood near the porthole and was just able to make out Mr. Merryman's tousled head on the pillow.

Next came the doorway into the passage bisecting the cabin-quarters and then further along on the starboard side was Mr.

McAngus, who could be heard whistling in his sleep. The Cuddys, in the adjoining cabin, the last on the starboard side, snored antiphonally. He turned left and moved along the forward face of the block, past Miss Abbott's dark and silent cabin and then on to Father Jourdain's. His light still shone and as the porthole was uncovered Alleyn thought he would have a word with him.

He looked in. Father Jourdain was on his knees before a crucifix, his joined hands pressed edgewise to his lips. Alleyn turned away and walked on to the "suite." Dale's light was still up in his sitting-room. Alleyn stood a little to one side of the forward porthole. The curtain across it fluttered and blew out. He caught a brief glimpse of Dale in brilliant pyjamas with a glass in his hand.

He turned left past Brigid's porthole with its carefully drawn curtain and then moved aft to Mrs. Dillington-Blick's cabin. Her light too was still on. He paused with his back to the bulkhead and close to her porthole and became aware of a rhythmic slapping noise and a faint whiff of some aromatic scent. "She's coping with her neckline," he thought.

He moved on past the darkened lounge. He had completed his round and was back at Mr. Merryman's cabin.

He approached the iron ladder leading to the forward well-deck and climbed down it. When he had reached the bottom he waited for a moment in the shadow of the centre-castle. On his left was the door through which the figure in the Spanish dress had come on Friday night. It led into a narrow passage by the chief steward's quarters. Above him towered the centre-castle. He knew if he walked out into the moonlight, the second officer, keeping his watch far above on the bridge, would see him. He did walk out. His shadow, black as ink, played across the deck and up the hatch combing.

On the fo'c'sle two bells sounded. Alleyn watched the seaman who had rung them come down and across the deck towards him.

"Goodnight," he said.

"Goodnight, sir," the man replied and sounded surprised.

Alleyn said, "I thought I'd go up into the bows and see if I could find a cap-full of cool air."

"That's right, sir. A bit fresher up there."

The man passed him and disappeared into shadow. Alleyn climbed up to the fo'c'sle and stood in the bows. For a moment or two he faced the emptiness of the night. Beneath him, in the pother of phosphorescence, the waters were divided. "There is nothing more lonely in the world," he thought, "than a ship at sea."

He turned and looked at the ship, purposeful and throbbing with her own life. Up on the bridge he could see the second officer. He waved with a broad gesture of his arm, and after a moment the second officer replied, slightly, perhaps ironically.

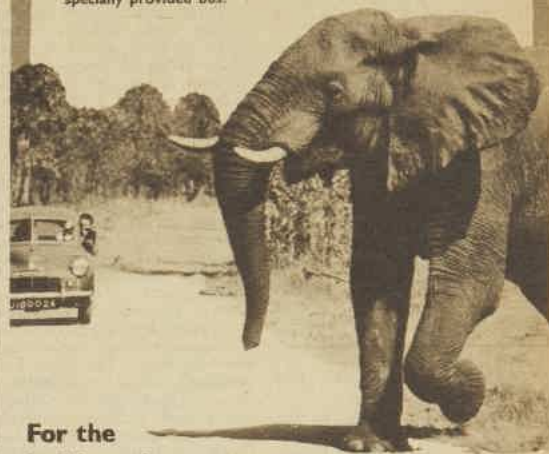
Alleyn returned to the lower deck. As he climbed down the ladder, a door beneath him, leading into the seamen's quarters in the fo'c'sle, opened and somebody came out. Alleyn looked down over his shoulder. The newcomer, barefooted and clad only in pyjama trousers, moved out, seemed to sense that he was observed and stopped short.

It was Dennis. When he saw Alleyn he made as if to return.

Alleyn said, "You keep late hours, steward."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Broderick. You quite startled me. Yes, don't I? I've been playing

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poker with the boys," Dennis explained. "Fancy you being up there, sir, at this time of night."

Alley completed his descent. "I couldn't sleep," he said. "It's the heat, I suppose."

Dennis giggled. "I know. Isn't it terrific?"

He edged away slightly.

"What's it like in your part of the world?" Alley asked. "Where are your quarters?"

"I'm in the glory-hole, sir. Down below. It's frightful."

"All the same, I fancy it's healthier indoors."

Dennis said nothing.

"You want to be careful what you wear in the tropics. Particularly at night."

Dennis looked at his plump torso and smirked.

Alley waited for a moment and then said, "Well, I shall take my own advice and go back to bed. Goodnight to you."

"Good morning, sir," said Dennis perily.

Alley climbed up to the bridge deck. When he got there he looked back. Dennis

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still stood where he had left him but after a moment turned away and went back into the fo'c'sle.

At intervals through the rest of the night Alley walked round his beat but he met nobody. When the dawn came up he went to bed and slept until Dennis brought in his morning tea.

That day was the hottest the passengers had experienced. For Alley it began with a radioed report in code from Inspector Fox, who was still sweating away with his cheeks on alibis. Apart from routine confirmations of Mr. McAngus' appendicular adventure and Aubyn Dale's departure for America, nothing new had come to hand. The Yard, Fox intimated, would await instructions, which meant, Alley sourly and unfairly reflected, that if he made an arrest before Capetown, somebody

would be flown over with a spare pair of handcuffs or something. He made his way, disgruntled, to continue observation on the passengers.

They were all on the lower deck. Brigid, who was still rather white, had flatly refused to stay in bed and spent most of the day in or near the bathing-pool, where an awning had been erected and deck-chairs set out. Here she was joined by Tim, and at intervals by one or two of the others. Only Miss Abbott, Mr. McAngus, and Mrs. Cuddy refrained from bathing, but they, too, sat under the awning and looked on.

At noon Mrs. Dillington-Blick took to the water and the appearance was in the nature of a star turn. She wore a sort of bathing negligee which Aubyn Dale, who escorted her, called a "bewilderment of nonsense." It was all compact of crisp cotton frills and black ribbons, and under it Mrs. Dillington-Blick was encased in her Jolyon swimsuit which belonged to a group advertised as being "for the Queenly Woman."

She had high-heeled thonged sandals on her feet and had to be supported down the companion-ladder by Aubyn Dale, who carried her towel and sunshade. At this juncture only Brigid, Tim, Alley, and Mr. Cuddy were bathing. The others were assembled under the awning and provided an audience for Mrs. Dillington-Blick. She laughed a great deal and made deprecatory faces. "My dear!" she said. "Look at me!"

"You know," Brigid said to Tim, "I really do admire her. She actually cashes in on her size. I call that brilliant."

"It's fascinating," Tim agreed. "Do look! She's standing there like a piece of baroque waiting to be unveiled."

DALE performed this ceremony. Alley, who was perched on the edge of the pool near the steps that led down into it, watched the reaction. It would have been untrue to say that anybody gasped when Mrs. Dillington-Blick relinquished her bathing-robe. Rather, a kind of trance overtook her fellow passengers. Mr. Cuddy, who had been frisking in the waters, grasped the rim of the pool and grinned horribly through his wet fringe.

Mr. Merryman, who wore an old-fashioned gown and an equally old-fashioned bathing-dress and whose hair had gone into a damp fuzz like a baby's, stared over his spectacles, as startled as Mr. Pickwick in the Maiden Lady's four-poster. Mr. McAngus, who had been dozing, opened his eyes and his mouth at the same time and turned dark red in the face. On the bridge, Captain Bannerman was transfixed. Two deckhands stood idle for several seconds round a can of red lead and then self-consciously fell to work with their heads together.

Mrs. Cuddy tried to catch somebody's eye, but failing to do so stared in amazement at her infatuated husband.

Miss Abbott looked up from the letter she was writing, blinked twice and looked down again.

Father Jourdain, who was reading, looked up from his book.

Brigid broke the silence. She called out, "Jolly good! Come in, it's heaven."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick put on a bathing-cap, removed her sandals, precariously climbed the ladder up to the rim of the pool, avoided looking at Mr. Cuddy and held out her hands to Alley.

"Launch me," she invited winningly, and at the same moment lost her balance and fell like an avalanche into the brimming pool. The water she displaced surged over the edges. Alley, Mr. Cuddy, Brigid, and Tim bobbed about like flotsam and jetsam. Aubyn Dale was drenched. Mrs. Dillington-Blick surfaced, gasping and astounded, and struck out for the nearest handhold.

"Ruby!" Aubyn Dale cried anxiously, as he dashed the seawater from his face. "What have you done?"

For the first time in the voyage Mr. Merryman burst into peals of ungovernable laughter.

This incident had a serio-comic sequel. While Mrs. Dillington-Blick floated in a corner of the pool, clinging to the edges, Mr. Cuddy swam slyly alongside, and with a quick grab pulled her under. There was a struggle from which she emerged furious and half-suffocated. Her face was streaked with mascara, her nose was running and her bathing-cap was askew. She was a terrible sight. Alley helped her up the submerged steps. Dale received her on the far side and got her down to deck level.

"That horrible man!" she choked out. "That horrible man!"

Mr. McAngus also hurried to her side, while Mr. Cuddy leered over the rim of the pool.

A ridiculous and rather alarming scene ensued. Mr. McAngus, in an unrecognisably shrill voice, apostrophised Mr. Cuddy. "You're an unmitigated bounder, sir," he screamed and actually shook his fist in Mr. Cuddy's wet face.

"I must say, Cuddy!" Dale said, all restraint and seemingly indignation. "You've got an extraordinary idea of humor."

Mr. Cuddy still leered and blinked. Mrs. Cuddy from her deck-chair cried anxiously, "Dear! You're forgetting yourself."

"You're an ape, sir!" Mr. McAngus added, and he and Dale simultaneously each placed an arm round Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

"I'll look after her," said Dale coldly.

"Let me help you," said Mr. McAngus. "Come and sit down."

"Leave her alone. Ruby, darling—"

"Oh, shut up, both of you!" said Mrs. Dillington-Blick. She snatched up her robe and made off—a mountain of defaced femininity.

Mr. Merryman continued to laugh, the other gentlemen separated, and Mr. Cuddy swam quietly about the pool by himself.

It was the only incident of note in an otherwise torpid day. After luncheon all the passengers went to their respective cabins and Alley allowed himself a couple of hours' sleep. He woke, as he had arranged with himself to wake, at four o'clock and went down to tea. Everybody was limp and disinclined to talk. Dale, Mr. McAngus, and Mr. Cuddy had evidently decided to calm down.

Mr. Merryman's venture into the pool had brought on his "touch of the sun" again. He looked feverish and anxious and actually didn't seem to have the energy to argue with anyone. Brigid came over to him. She very prettily knelt by his chair and begged him to let her find Tim and ask him to prescribe. "Or at least take some aspirin," she said. "I'll get some for you. Will you?" She put her hand on his but he drew it away quickly.

"I think I may have a slight infection," he said in explanation and positively added, "But thank you, my dear."

"You're terribly hot." She went away and returned with the aspirin and water. He consented to take three tablets and said he would lie down for a little while. When he went out they all noticed that he was quite shaky.

"Well," Mr. Cuddy said, "I'm sure I hope it's nothing catching."

"It's not very considerate," Mrs. Cuddy said, "to sit round with everybody if it is. How are you feeling, dear?"

"Good, thanks, dear. My little trouble," Mr. Cuddy said to everybody, "has cleared up nicely. I'm a box of birds. I really quite enjoy the heat, something a bit intoxicating about the tropics, to my way of thinking."

He himself was not urgently intoxicating. His shirt had unlovely dark areas about it, the insides of his knees were raddled with prickly heat, and his enormous hands left wet patches on everything they touched. "I'm a very free perspirer," he said proudly, "and that's a healthy sign, I'm told."

This observation met with a kind of awed silence, broken by Mr. McAngus.

"Has everybody seen?" he asked, turning his back on Mr. Cuddy. "There's going to be a film tonight. They've just put up a notice. On the boat-deck it's going to be."

There was a stir in languid interest. Father Jourdain muttered to Alley, "That disposes of our canasta party."

"How lovely!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick said. "Where do we sit?"

"I think," Mr. McAngus fluted, at once tripping up to her, "that we all sit on deck-chairs on the top of the hatch. Such a good idea! You must lie on your chaise longue, you know. You'll look quite wonderful," he added with his timid little laugh. "Like Cleopatra in her barge with all her slaves round her. Pagan, almost."

"My dear!"

"What's the film?" Dale asked.

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Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

(from page 68)

"Othello." With that large American actor."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Mr. Merryman will be pleased," said Brigid. "It's his favorite. If he approves, of course."

"Well, I don't think he ought to come," Mrs. Cuddy at once objected. "He should consider other people."

"It'll be in the open air," Miss Abbott countered, "and there's no need, I imagine, for you to sit next to Mr. Merryman."

Mrs. Cuddy smiled meaningfully at her husband.

Brigid said, "But how exciting! Orson Welles and everything! I couldn't be better pleased."

"We'd rather have a nice musical," said Mrs. Cuddy. "But then we're not arty, are we, dear?"

Mr. Cuddy said nothing. He was looking at Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

The film version of "Othello" began to wind up its remarkable course. Mr. Merryman could be heard softly invoking the retribution of the gods upon the head of Mr. Orson Welles.

In the front row Captain Bannerman sighed windily. Mrs. Dillington-Blick's jaw quivered, and Dale periodically muttered, "Oh, no!" Alleyn, who was flabbergasted by the film, was able to give it only a fraction of his attention.

Behind the captain's party sat the rest of the passengers, while a number of ship's officers were grouped together at one side. Dennis and his fellow stewards watched from the back.

THE sea was perfectly calm, stars glittered with explosive brilliance. The cinema screen, an incongruous accident, with a sterile life of its own, glowed and gestured in the surrounding darkness.

"Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me . . .
Brigid caught her breath and Tim reached for her hand. They were moved by a single impulse and by one thought—that it was superbly right for them to listen together to this music.

"I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume"

"Promethean heat," Father Jourdain murmured appreciatively.

The final movement emerged not entirely obscured by the treatment that had been accorded it. A huge face loomed out of the screen.

"Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight!
But half an hour!"

"Being done, there is no pause."

"But while I say one prayer!"

"It is too late."

A white cloth closed like a shroud about Desdemona's face and tightened horribly.

The screen was no longer there. At their moment of climax Othello and Desdemona were gone and their audience was in darkness. The pulse of the ship's engines emerged and the chief engineer's voice saying that a fuse had blown somewhere. Matches were struck. There was a group of men round the projector. Alleyn produced his torch, slipped out of his seat, which was at the end of the row, and walked slowly along the hatch. None of the passengers had stirred, but there was a certain amount

of movement among the stewards, some of whom, including Dennis, had already left.

"The circuit's gone," a voice near the projector said, and another added, "That's the story. Hold everything." One of the figures disentangled itself and hurried away.

"Put out the light," a junior officer quoted derisively, "and then put out the light." There was a little gust of laughter. Mrs. Cuddy, in the middle of the row, tittered. "He stifles her, doesn't he, dear? Same thing again! We don't seem to be able to get away from it, do we?"

Miss Abbott said furiously, "Oh, for pity's sake!"

Alleyn had reached the edge of the hatch. He stood there, watching the backs of the passengers' chairs, now clearly discernible. Immediately in front of him were Tim and Brigid, their hands enlaced, leaning a little towards each other. Brigid was saying, "I don't want to pull it to pieces yet. After all, there are the words."

A figure rose up from the chair in the middle of the row. It was Mr. Merryman.

"I'm off!" he announced.

"Are you all right, Mr. Merryman?" Brigid asked.

"I am nauseated," Mr. Merryman rejoined, "but not for the reason you suppose. I can stomach no more of this slaughterous — this impertinent travesty — Pray, excuse me."

He edged past them and past Father Jourdain, moved round the end of the row, and thus approached Alleyn.

"Had enough?" Alleyn asked.

"Far too much, thank you."

He sat on the edge of the hatch, his back ostentatiously presented to the invisible screen. He was breathing hard. His hand, which had brushed against Alleyn's, was hot and dry.

"I'm afraid you've still got a touch of your bug, whatever it is," Alleyn said. "Why don't you turn in?"

But Mr. Merryman was implacable. "I do not believe," he said, "in subjecting myself to the tyranny of indisposition. I do not, like our Scottish acquaintance, surrender to hypochondriacal speculations. On the contrary, I fight back. Besides," he added, "in this Stygian gloom, where is the escape? There is none. Here I am and here I stay."

And so in fact he remained. The fuse was repaired, the film drew to its close. An anonymous choir roared its anguish, and, without benefit of authorship, ended the play. The lights went up and the passengers moved to the lounge for supper. Mr. Merryman alone remained outside, seated in a deck-chair by the open doors and refusing sustenance.

Alleyn, and, indeed, all of them, were to remember that little gathering very vividly. Mrs. Dillington-Blick had recovered her usual form and was brilliant. Dressed in black lace, though not that of her Spanish dress, and wreathed in the effulgence of an expensive scent that had by now acquired the authority of a signature tune, she held her customary court. She discussed the film — it had, she said, really upset her. "My dear! That ominous man! Terrifying! But all the same — there's something. One could quite see why she married him."

"I thought it disgusting," Mrs. Cuddy said. "A black man! She deserved all she got."

Mrs. Dillington - Blick

To page 70



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Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 69

laughed. She and Aubyn Dale, Alleyn noticed, kept catching each other's eye and quickly looking away again. Neither Mr. Cuddy nor Mr. McAngus could remove his gaze from her. The captain hung over her; even Miss Abbott watched her with a kind of brooding appreciation, while Mrs. Cuddy resentfully stared and stared. Only Brigid and Tim, bent on their common voyage of discovery, were unmindful of Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

Presently she yawned, and she even managed to yawn quite fetchingly.

"I'm for my little bed," she announced.

"Not even a stroll round the deck?" asked the captain.

"I don't think so, really."

"Or a cigarette on the verandah?" Dale suggested loudly.

"I might."

She laughed and walked over to the open doors. Mr. Merryman struggled up from his deck-chair. She wished him good-night, looked back into the lounge and smiled intimately and brilliantly at Mr. McAngus. "Good-night," she repeated softly, and went out on the deserted deck.

Father Jourdain caught his breath. "All right," Alleyn muttered. "You carry on here."

Tim glanced at Alleyn and nodded. The captain had been buttonholed by Mr. McAngus and looked restive. Brigid was talking to Mr. Merryman, who half rose, bestowed on her an old-fashioned bow, and sank groggily back into his chair. Aubyn Dale was drinking and Mr. Cuddy was in the grasp of his wife, who now removed him.

Alleyn said, "Good-night, everybody." He followed the Cuddys into the passageway, turned left and went out to the deck by the port-side door. He was just in time to see Mrs. Dillington-Blick disappear round the verandah corner of the engine house. Before he could reach it she returned, paused for a second when she saw him and then swam gaily towards him.

"Just one gulp of fresh air," she said rather breathlessly. She slipped her arm through his and quite deliberately leaned against him.

"Help me negotiate that frightful ladder, will you? I want to go down to the lower deck."

He glanced back at the lounge. There they all were, lit up like a distant peep show.

"Why the lower deck?"

"I don't know. A whim."

She giggled. "Nobody will find me, for one thing."

The companion ladder was close to where they stood. She led him towards it, turned and gave him her hands.

"I'll go backwards. You follow."

He was obliged to do so. When they reached the promenade deck she took his arm again.

"Let's see if there are ghost fires tonight."

She looked over the side still holding him.

Alleyn said, "You're much too dangerous a person for me, you know."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do indeed. Right out of my class. I'm a dull dog."

"I don't find you so."

"How enchanting of you," Alleyn said. "I must tell my wife. That'll larn her."

"Is she very attractive?"

SUDDENLY, in place of the plushy, the abundant, the superbly tended charms now set before him, Alleyn saw his wife's head with its clearly defined planes, its delicate bone, and short, not very tidy, hair.

He said, "I must leave you, I'm afraid. I've got work to do."

"Work? What sort of work, for heaven's sake?"

"Business letters. Reports."

"I don't believe you. In mid-ocean!"

"It's true."

"Look! There are ghost fires."

"And I don't think you'd better stay down here by yourself. Come along. I'll see you to your cabin."

He put his hand over hers. "Come along," he repeated. She stared at him; her lips parted.

"All right!" she agreed suddenly. "Let's."

They returned by the inside stairway and he took her to her door.

"You're rather nice," she whispered.

"Lock your door, won't you?"

"Oh, good heavens!" said Mrs. Dillington-Blick and

bounced into her cabin. He heard her shoot the bolt and he returned quickly to the lounge.

Only Father Jourdain, Tim, and Captain Bannerman were there. Miss Abbott came in by the double doors as Alleyn arrived. Tim furtively signalled "thumbs up," and Father Jourdain said, "Everybody seems to be going to bed early tonight."

"It's not all that early," Captain Bannerman rejoined, staring resentfully at Miss Abbott.

She stopped in the middle of the room, and with her eyes downcast seemed to take in the measure of her own unwantedness.

"Good night," she said grudgingly and went out.

Father Jourdain followed her to the landing. "By the way," Alleyn heard him say, "I got that word in the crossword. It's 'holocaust'."

"How brilliant!" she said. "That should be a great help."

"I think so. Good night."

"Good night."

Father Jourdain came back: "Safely stowed," he quoted and smiled at Alleyn.

Alleyn asked sharply, "Where's everybody else?"

"It's O.K.," Tim rejoined. "The women are all in their cabins; at least I suppose you've accounted for the D-B, haven't you?"

"And the men?"

"Does it matter? Cuddy went off with his wife and McAngus, very properly, by himself. Merryman toddled off some time after that."

"And Dale?"

"He left after the Cuddys," Tim said.

"I think," Father Jourdain observed, "that someone must have gone out on deck?"

"Why?"

"Only because I thought I heard someone singing." His voice faded and his face blanched. "But there's nothing in that!" Father Jourdain ejaculated. "We can't panic every time somebody sings."

"I can!" Alleyn said grimly.

"With the women all in their cabins? Why?"

Captain Bannerman interjected, loudly scoffing, "You may well ask why! Because Mr. Ah-leen's got a bee in his bonnet. That's why!"

"What had McAngus got to say to you?" Alleyn asked him.

The captain glowered at him.

To page 71

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- System of writing which can be thoroughly liberal (7).
- Doctrine whichever way you take it (5).
- Road site (Anagr. 8).
- Season kept by smart idealists (4).
- Fleshy obeisance without Cain (5).
- If you have one of these fibres you are cheeky (6).
- Insect kept in quarantine (3).
- States something on oath (6).
- Irritates with ornamental patterns (5).
- Tilted position (4).
- Soft job starting with a transgression and ending with its remedy (8).
- Up to this vessel is a sauce (5).
- He was clearly a great writer (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Angry necktie, once a weapon (5-3).
- Men or birds scientifically (6).
- Lots of water which destroys the food, though it is mainly food (5).
- Peter's trouble (6).
- Repair in a specimen drug-get (4).
- Take tea on a hair with a surface impression (4).
- Charm ending all (8).
- Pass these snakes (4).
- Assault getting it at a flat-headed nail (6).
- Summon back from a cellar (6).
- Go furtively with a snake (5).
- Affirm in a verse (4).

Solution will be published next week.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 4, 1959



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Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 70

"He reckons someone's been interfering with his hyacinths."

"Interfering?"

"Pinching them."

"Damnation!" Alleyn said and turned to go out.

Before he could do so, however, he was arrested by the sound of thudding feet.

It came from the deck outside and was accompanied by torturous breathing. For a moment the brilliant square cast by the light in the lounge was empty. Then into it ran an outlandish figure, half-naked, wet, ugly, gasping.

It was Cuddy. When he saw Alleyn he fetched up short, grinning abominably. Water ran from his hair into his open mouth.

"Well?" Alleyn demanded.

"What is it?"

Cuddy gestured meaninglessly. His arm quivered like a branch.

"What is it? Speak up! Quickly!"

Cuddy lunged forward. His wet hands closed like clamps on Alleyn's arms.

"Mrs. Dillington-Blick," he stuttered, and the syllables dribbled out with the water from his mouth. He nodded two or three times, came close to Alleyn, and then threw back his head and broke into sobbing laughter.

"The verandah?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" the captain shouted.

Cuddy nodded and nodded.

Alleyn said, "Captain Bannerman, will you come with me, if you please? And Dr. Makepiece." He struck up Cuddy's wet arms and thrust him aside. He started off down the deck, with them both at his heels.

They had gone only a few paces when a fresh rumpus brought out behind them. Cuddy's hysterical laughter had mounted to a scream.

Father Jourdain shouted, "Dr. Makepiece! Come back!"

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

There was a soft thud and silence.

Captain Bannerman said, "Wait a bit. He's fainted."

"Let him faint."

"But—"

"All right. All right."

He strode on down the deck. There was a light in the deck-head over the verandah. Alleyn switched it on.

The Spanish dress was spread out wide, falling in black cascades on both sides of the chaise longue. Its wearer lay back, luxuriously, each gloved hand trailing on the deck. The head was impossibly twisted over the left shoulder. The face was covered down to the tip of the nose by part of the mantilla, which had been dragged down like a blind.

THE exposed area was livid and patched almost to the color of the mole at the corner of the mouth. The tongue protruded, the plump throat already was discolored. Artificial pearls from a broken necklace lay scattered across the décolletage, into which had been thrust a white hyacinth.

"All right," Alleyn said without turning. "It's too late, of course, but you'd better see if there's anything you can do."

Tim had come up with Captain Bannerman behind him. Alleyn stood aside. "Only Dr. Makepiece, please," he said. "I want as little traffic as possible."

Tim stooped over the body. In a moment he had straightened up.

"But look here!" he said.

"It's not—it's—it's—"

"Exactly. But our immediate concern is with the chances of recovery. Are there any?"

"None."

"Sure."

"None."

"Very well. Now, this is what we do—"

Captain Bannerman and Tim Makepiece stood side by side exactly where Alleyn had

placed them. The light in the deckhead shone down on the area round the chaise longue. It was dappled with irregular wet patches, most of which had been made by large naked feet. Alleyn found that they were overlaid by his own prints and Tim's and by others, which he examined closely.

"Espadrilles," he said, "size nine."

The wearer had approached the chaise longue, stood beside it, turned, and made off round the starboard side.

"Running," Alleyn said, following the damp prints. "Running along the deck, then stopping as he got into the light, then turning and stopping by the hatch and then carrying on round the centrecastle to the port side. Not much doubt about that one."

He turned back towards the verandah, pausing by a tall locker near its starboard corner. He shone his torch behind this. "Cigarette ash and a butt."

He collected the butt and found it was monogrammed and Turkish.

"How corny can you get?" he muttered, showing it to Tim, and returned to the verandah, from where he pursued the trace of the wet naked feet. Their owner had come to the port side companion-ladder from the lower deck and the swimming-pool. On the fifth step from the top there was a large wet patch.

He returned to Captain Bannerman.

"In this atmosphere," he said, "I can't afford to wait. I'm going to take photographs. After that we'll have to seal off the verandah. I suggest, sir, that you give orders to that effect."

Captain Bannerman stood glowering at him. "This sort of thing," he said at last, "couldn't have been anticipated. It's against common sense."

"On the contrary," Alleyn rejoined, "it's precisely what was to be expected."

To be concluded

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 2



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in a slight incident.

★ An odd adventure could bring a stranger to your notice whom you'll be seeing again. A trifling matter takes you back over a path where you find an article of value. You may casually pick up a useful bit of information. None of these things seems important at the time, but start major changes in your life, and set off a chain of interesting events.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, navy, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck among friends.

★ Sociability will be the main emphasis on life at present, and for many there are romantic thrills. When you fall to click with new people, look for the reason; the blame is never all on one side. Try to hit the happy medium between shyness and overconfidence, but don't worry if you make a few social blunders. They're soon forgotten.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, violet.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in displaying talents.

★ If one of a crowd, your individual gifts distinguish you from the rest. Play them up discreetly. There will soon be a demand for your services. Given a chance to show your mettle, you impress with your poise and ability. Conditions are most favorable for a step up the career ladder. Personal affairs are subordinate to outside interests.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in learning a new skill.

★ Whether you're a student, a career person, or a housewife eager to step up her efficiency, improve her skill, and knowledge of homecrafts, learning will be fun. For many enthusiasm is followed by discouragement, failure in first attempts. But the critical stage will pass, giving place to pride in achievement. You receive praise for a special piece of work.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.
★ Luck in a bonus.

★ An extra dividend out of the blue comes your way. It could be in a rarely worn garment in your wardrobe or a piece of furniture with possibilities your artistic soul will perceive. News by letter may bring an unusual opportunity or announce a small legacy. Its source may be a windfall headed in your direction. Love affairs get an unexpected boost.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
★ Luck through the opposite sex.

★ Mixed evening parties will be enjoyable and give rise to interesting discussions, new ideas worth following up. Birthday celebrations, anniversaries of various kind may be the focal point for future schemes, connected with community welfare or social enterprises. This week favors engagements and weddings. Others meet their future marriage partners.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in personality.

★ You have a new zest for living after a period of depression. Your immediate thought is for your appearance—a new hair-do, a new dress in the color which does most for your skin and eyes. Advice from an expert helps you considerably. Your enhanced personality leads to a meeting which alters the course of your life. You bubble inside and make new friends.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs.
★ Luck among young people.

★ Young people forgo with contemporaries, make plans for new activities. If a parent, you gratify the wish of a child, probably at the cost of personal sacrifice. Others work for youth organizations. Older Scorpions experience an autumn love affair providing happy companionship. Some take up an activity which brings physical benefit.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
★ Luck in the end of a cycle.

★ A cycle is drawing to a close. If you've been enjoying a sport, you now put it aside for another. Fresh efforts are in the offing. If a student, you settle into regular habits of study. A visit from a relative nears its end or a neighbor moves away. A problem is solved or an annoyance disappears. You feel the decks are clear; you are beginning a new era.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in accuracy.

★ Guard against vague thinking, acting on hearsay, and taking notice of popular misconceptions. Now, more than any other time, you need correct facts to win success. Stick to instructions if working a machine, follow a pattern or recipe closely. Indifference or lack of concentration could be your downfall this week, cause other people to be disappointed.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
★ Luck in finding a bargain.

★ Whether buying for yourself, your home, or family, you'll be lucky with bargains. Many have long-term plans; others are concerned with immediate needs. If young, in love, you find the ideal present for the man in your life. A bit of self-indulgence, perhaps a luxury, may be a good investment. You buy at a sale an article of hidden value.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in giving.

★ There is someone who will be pleased with a little attention from you. It may mean merely writing a thank-you note for a nice time or sending a birthday or anniversary card. If away from home, share your interests, activities in regular letters home. By giving of yourself, your time, you increase your own happiness. Your thoughtfulness will be appreciated.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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F4832.—A one-piece dress featuring the Empire line, the fashionable silhouette of the autumn-winter season. A bow trim flatters the bustline. The pattern includes short and three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Design with three-quarter length sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material; design with short sleeves, 3½yds. 36in. material; and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F5171.—Sleeveless late-day dress and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material or 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



F5171

F4832

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 902—BLOUSED-TOP ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress, with its prettily bloused bodice top, is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron spot-patterned poplin. The color choice includes pale blue, lilac, pink, coffee, and navy-blue, all printed with a white spot. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 44/6; 36 and 38in. bust 46/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

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The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Plate mats, 17 by 11in.; cup-and-saucer mats, 5 by 5in.; serviettes, 11 by 11in. Eight-piece set, including 4 plate and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 17/3. Postage and registration 2/4 extra. Twelve-piece set, including 6 plate and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 22/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes 1/6 each. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 904—FAN DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edge is not supplied. Price 8/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 905—SHORTIE NIGHTGOWN

Pretty design featuring the Empire-line silhouette is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color and material design includes a zigzag stripe and circle pattern in blue-and-white summer breeze and a pink-and-white floral dimity. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 18/9; 36 and 38in. bust 21/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

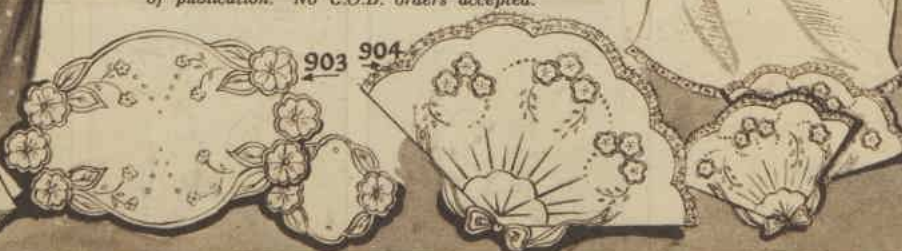
• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



902

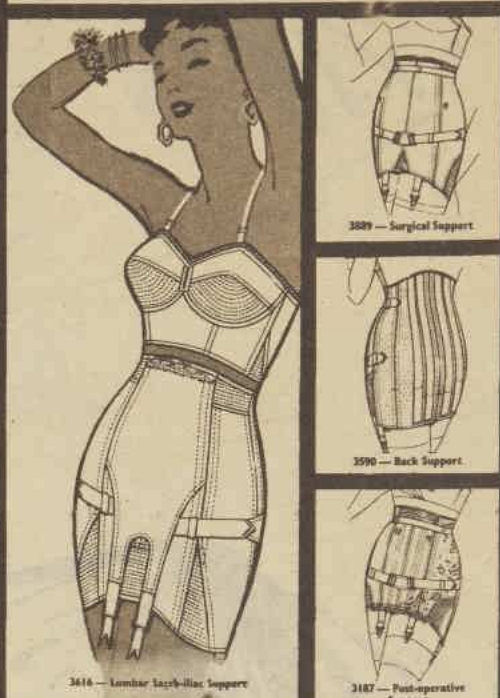


905



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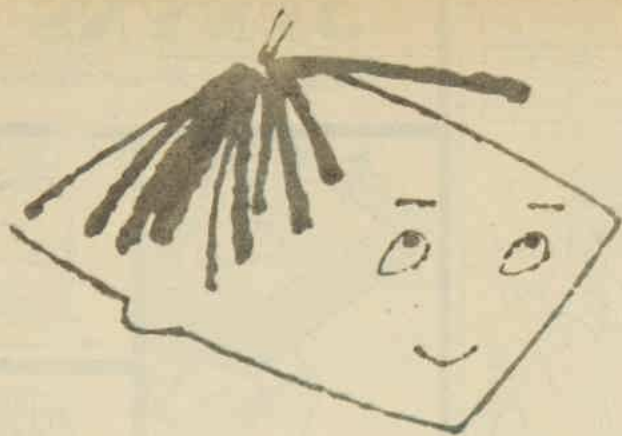
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SO ECONOMICAL
... AND ... SO NICE
... SO NICE ...!

C.139.HPC

HELLO!
IN JACKY, AND THIS IS
MY DIARY. ITS FULL OF
INTERESTING THINGS AND
EVERY WEEK IS TELL YOU
ABOUT SOMETHING DIFFE-
RENT. IF YOUR A CHILD
YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IM
TALKING ABOUT AND IF
YOUR A GROWNUP YOU'LL
HAVE A LOT OF FUN
REMEMBERING. SO WOULD
YOU LIKE TO READ
MY DIARY?

JACKY'S DiARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 32 1/2

LAST NIGHT MOMMY READ ME A FAIRY
TAIL CALLED CINDERELLA. ONLY I
DONT BE LEAVE IT REALLY HAPPENED.

IN THIS STORY CINDERELLA WAS A VERY POOR
GIRL WHO DIDNT HAVE MUCH MONEY.

SHE LIVED WITH A CRUEL STEP MOTHER WHICH
MEANS SHE WOULNT KISS HER BUT WOULD STEP
ON HER. ALSO SHE HAD 2 CRUEL STEP SISTERS
WHO STEPPED ON HER TOO + MADE HER DRY THE
DISHES.



THEN 1 DAY A HAND SOME
PRINTS INVITED EVERY BODY
TO A BIG PARTY.

ONLY CINDERELLA FELT
SAD BE CAUSE SHE DIDNT
HAVE ANY CLEAN CLOTHES.

SO THEN HER FAIRY GOD MOTHER
APPEARED + CHANGED HER DIRTY DRESS
INTO A NEW 1 WITH A MAGIC WAND.



AT THE PARTY THE PRINTS BE-
CAME IN LOVE WITH CINDERELLA
+ WANTED TO GET MARRIED
WITH HER.

BUT SHE PROMISED SHE'D BE
HOME BY MIDNIGHT + IT WAS
ALL READY 5 MINUTES TO 12.
SO SHE STARTED
INTO RUN.

BUT SHE RAN SO FAST THAT HER SHOE
LACES CAME LOOSE + HER SHOES
FELL OFF.

THE PRINTS FOUND THE SHOES + STARTED
LOOKING ALL OVER HIS KING DUMB FOR A
BEAR-FOOTED GIRL.

FINELY HE CAME TO CINDERELLA'S HOUSE +
WHEN HE SAW HER BEAR FEET HE ASKED HER
TO GET MARRIED AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME SHE
SAID O.K. SO AFTER THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER.

ADD VICE
FOR CHILDREN

WHEN YOUR PARENTS READ YOU A
FAIRY TAIL MAKE BE LEAVE YOU
BE LEAVE IT OR ELSE THEYRE
FEELINGS WILL GET HURT.

BUT IF THE STORY GETS TOO SILLY
THEN PRETEND THAT YOU'RE A
SLEEP + THEY'LL STOP.
YOUR FRIEND JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

DEAR, WELL HAVE TO GET A CAT,

WE HAVE FAR TOO MANY
MICE IN THE HOUSE!

WELL, WHY DONT YOU INVITE
MRS. BROWN TO YOUR BRIDGE PARTY
MORE OFTEN ???



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have left Earth in a scout ship (disguised as a haystack) whose destination is the planet Magna. When Lothar tries to explain the disappearance of his friends in a haystack, a neighboring farmer doubts his sanity. Aboard the scout

ship Mandrake is still trying to discover the identity of the Emperor Magnon, and why he should invite Mandrake and Narda to his son's christening. Mandrake does not remember his former visit to Magna or the way he and Narda helped to bring about Magnon's marriage. NOW READ ON:



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Fine silver gives an atmosphere of gracious living to any table setting. But all silver needs the regular polishing and protection that only Silvo can give. Silvo is so easy to use—you pour straight from the tin; and Silvo will not harm even the most delicate surfaces. So keep your silver at its glowing best always with regular Silvo care.

Illustrated: "Nemesia" patterned table silver by Rodd; entree dish, candelabra by Heworth; salt and pepper shakers by Paramount.

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